MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

CARE OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

WE are more like *brutes* than we commonly calculate—physically, I mean; morally, we are better, or worse, as the case may be. I wouldn't shock aristocratic prejudices with this untoward relationship, just now, were it not that, forgetting or denying it, we put ourselves into sealed houses, and feather beds covered with diverse strata of cotton or woolen goods, and the poor *cow* on the frozen ground with frosted corn-stalks, frozen grass and freezing water for food and drink.

When our dormitories and diet diverge so decidedly from hers, it is time to inquire if we are not related—if cow and all don't belong to the *animal* kingdom—if, in short, she isn't flesh and blood, bones and sinews like ourselves, and hasn't likes and dislikes, spleens and spasms, pleasures and pains, that are almost human? I protest it is not my intention to abuse the cow, I know she is free from a myriad of our vices. I am speaking physiologically, and I beg leave to remind bipeds, that quadrupeds, cattle though they be, are delicately and wonderfully organized, with a regular set of nerves, and sundry other fixtures and vital functions that need to be carefully and discreetly dealt with. A cold blast in November or December, following a mild autumn, affects your horse as it affects yourself. Not long since, a young farmer said to me, "Can you explain why certain sheep of my flock lose their appetites, pine away, and die?" I replied, can you explain why the same happens to human beings? In the one case, as in the other, every thing that violates the normal condition, every impropriety in food, drink or exposure, weakens the vital forces, predisposes to disease, and by repetition, ends in death.

You will see just as fair cases of consumption among your Merinos, shorn of their wool and turned into the storm, as among the exquisite and suicidal fashionables that die of muslins and thin shoes.

Your horse, driven till he is warm, and left standing in the wind till he is cool, will hack, cough, and have the lung fever just as orthodoxically as you can. If you *will* drive him, and stand him, turn his tail to the wind—it is tougher than his breast. To be sure animals generally take less medicine, and so hold out longer. The faithful team, exhausted by severe labor and turned out to shirk for itself in a wet or cool night, will be stiff, rheumatic, and prematurely old, like the improvident laborer, who never could learn to put on his coat when he stopped work at night.

Dyspepsia—the *elite* of diseases—numbers among its votaries the pampered hog, as well as the pampered man.

Dysenteries and diarrheas in your flocks and herds prove but too plainly that crude food and excessive eating should be avoided by calves and children alike.

I have brought this matter up from a strong conviction of its necessity. Much of the profit, and I may say the pleasure of farming, depends upon the proper care of domestic animals, and the sooner we learn that they are subject to essentially the same physiological laws as ourselves, the better. Whenever you purpose an uncomfortable thing for one of your domestic animals, stop and consider how you would like it applied to yourself. It was perfectly legitimate for a correspondent, when deprecating the too common practice of putting frozen bits into horses' mouths, to invite people who doubted its impropriety to "*try it in their own mouths.*" No sir, no! it won't do to inflict barbarities because the *subject* is only a brute—both parties, I mean. Thoughtful men will appreciate the remark when I say that we can make no decided improvement in our farm stock, unless we give scrupulous attention to physical qualities and characteristics, and adapt, with scientific accuracy, our treatment to the demands of the animal economy—every irregularity and inadvertence will breed degeneracy and deformity. Constitutional peculiarities, air, exercise, temperature, food, in reference to quality, quantity, times, seasons and circumstances, and the specific ends to be attained, should all be considered. A strong man don't know what hurts or helps him; he is not sufficiently sensitive to impressions and influences to notice anything short of a hurricane; let him have the toothache and get a little easier, and then stand on the cold ground with thin shoes, put his hands in cold water, or ride in the evening without an overcoat, and he will then judge of cause and effect—the sensitive nerves will speak right out on the spot, and claim the consideration to which they are entitled. Things which have a bad *tendency* should be avoided, as well as what kills outright. We are cursed more by inattention to things not very tangible, than by open, plain and palpable violations of law.

Eminent success in any department comes from nice discriminations and strict attention to minute circumstances. Success with domestic animals is upon the same conditions. We are always to remember that they are "fearfully and wonderfully made," as well as ourselves, and we are to shape our *intercourse* accordingly.

I have long been convinced that every field where farm stock is pastured should have shelters from sun, wind, and rain, to which the animals can resort whenever they are inclined. A cheap, rough board hovel would not cost much, and would be of great benefit during the cold nights and storms of spring and early summer, or any season of the year, and for the protection of sheep after being shorn, and no pasture lot should be without it. The change from a warm stable or shed and a good bed, to the open field and the bare ground, frozen or wet as the case may be, is very great, and it is this very change that animals are forced to undergo, to their great discomfort or serious injury, every spring. A cheap, temporary shelter in the field would avoid this.

In the fall, however, stock should be brought into the yards every night where there are racks filled with *good hay*—the best you have got—and if pleasant, turn them out during the day. This should commence with the first hard frosts or storms in the fall, and when "winter sets in," let rambling over the fields be stopped.

There are quite too many disconsolate sheds and yards and stables as well as frosty fields, and there is abundant room for improvement in Winter Management of Domestic Stock,—brother JOHNSTON, I hope, will not forget to remind us of that. Let us not forget to have a fellow feeling for a fellow brute.

H. T. B.

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FARMERS' OUT-BUILDINGS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A great Poet has said "man wants but little," and this was sung, and perhaps believed, for a long time; and no one had the courage to deny the truth of the statement until an American statesman, the venerable JOHN Q. ADAMS, announced that although this might be the case with the poet and others, it was "not with him exactly so, though 'twas so in the song." The wild man of the woods has but few wants—a wigwam and a rifle constitute his greatest outlay. But, as man becomes civilized, his necessities increase in number and costliness. The pioneer farmer with his log cabin, and a hut or two for sheltering his few cattle, and a small patch cleared, is tolerably well satisfied. Many farmers on the prairies whom I have seen, seem to be comfortable without a fence or barn. A few rails prevent the cattle from getting at the wheat-stack—a good dog and a little watchfulness deter the roaming herds from destroying more than half of the growing crops, and what is lost seems not to be missed. But, as the farmer progresses and prospers, his wants increase. He needs a better house, fences and barns that will save the products from destruction, stables to make the cattle comfortable and cause them to thrive, cellars to store provisions and roots away from the frost, and where they can be obtained during the winter for family use or for feeding; and, finally, in the summer he needs an ice-house, where butter can be kept hard, and meat preserved for weeks. All of these, I want, Messrs. Editors, and should feel very much at a loss to be compelled to get along without them. The last two I consider necessities to every good farmer, and will give a few hints as to the best modes of construction.

OUT-DOOR CELLAR.—An out-door cellar I consider altogether the best, unless there is a good cellar under the barn; and even then I would prefer one near, but not under the building. Few farm-houses have a cellar of sufficient capacity to store such a large quantity of roots as every farmer should grow who cultivates fifty or a hundred acres and keeps the number of animals required to furnish manure. But, even if the cellar of the house is large enough, it is very unwise to store a great quantity of vegetable matter under living-apartments, for there will be at all times a certain amount of decay going on exceedingly injurious to health. A sandy hillside is the very best place for making an out-door cellar. There is, however, no difficulty in constructing a cellar in any place where the water will not lie within four or five feet of the surface. Dig down as far as drainage will allow, throwing the earth back, to be used in banking up. If stones are plenty, they are best for the walls; if not, plank and posts will answer. A strong ridge-pole is necessary, which may be supported on posts. Plank the roof and bank up the sides with earth. Then cover the roof with straw or leaves, over which lay boards to keep them in place. This will exclude frost. When the cellar is made in a side hill and the roof is about level with the surrounding surface, it may be covered with earth, and the entrance will be the only sign of the cellar apparent.

FARMERS' ICE-HOUSE.—Ice is a luxury that residents of cities and villages can enjoy, at a moderate cost, from the public ice houses, but the farmer must erect his own, or do without. Fortunately, the cost of preserving a good supply is but very little, except labor, and this can be done at a season of the year when farm labor is not very valuable. There will be, doubtless, plenty of fine weather between this and Christmas for the construction of the building, and the filling can be done any time during the winter when the ice is thick enough. It is best, however, to obtain a supply as early as possible in the season. The following hints will prove valuable to all who undertake to preserve ice.

Damp and heat are the two great agents of thawing, and the first endeavor must be to counteract these by every means in our power. For the first, ventilation is necessary, and for the latter, the most non-conducting material available must be used for the house. The old plan of building ice-houses under ground was bad, as it was almost impossible to secure good drainage and sufficient ventilation to arrest the dampness which is sure to exist in all underground rooms or houses. Then the ground is too good a conductor of heat, and communicates its heat very readily to other bodies, much more so than the air.

The best place for an ice-house is above ground, on a gravelly subsoil, where good natural drainage can be had, so that the water which forms as the ice melts will pass off freely. The best material is wood, though brick is good enough where it can be obtained more readily than wood. The walls should be made double, by boarding both on the outside and inside of the frame timbers. The space between the inside and outside boards should be filled with some non-conducting material. Charcoal dust is an excellent non-conductor; dry tanbark or sawdust will do very well, and if neither of these can be procured, straw will answer a very good purpose. Where the natural drainage is not first-rate, drains must be dug and filled up with stones. If left open, the cold air will pass through them very freely, and its place be supplied by warm air from above. Ice keeps best in large masses, and for several reasons. In a large body there is much less surface exposed in proportion to the whole. Melting ice absorbs and renders latent a large amount of heat, so that the thawing of a part helps preserve that which remains. Those who have built ice-houses that failed to furnish a supply all the summer, will find that by simply enlarging the house, say one-third, the additional quantity of ice will be preserved, unless there is some radical defect in its construction, of which they can judge on reading the principles we have presented. A house twelve feet each way on the ground, and eight or ten feet high, is large enough for any family, and even for two or three families, and yet it is as small as any one should build, as the cost and trouble are but little more than for a house just large enough, and the supply is certain.

Where the drainage is good a board floor is not necessary, though in most cases it would be best to lay down a loose floor a few inches from the surface of the ground. If a quantity of brush is first laid down and covered with straw, and the floor put over this, it will make the work complete. If a board floor is not used, there should be at least a foot or eighteen inches of straw, but a few inches on the boards will be sufficient. The ice made in the early part of the winter, and that which has been subjected to no change from freezing to thawing, is the best. It should be sawed out in square cakes as uniform in size and thickness as possible. All snow, and ice formed from half-melted snow, should be rejected, as it will not keep. After one layer is put down, the crevices should be filled with pounded ice, and this should be continued until the house is filled, when the whole will freeze into a solid mass. A few inches of straw should be placed between the walls of the house and the ice, and this should be done while the house is being filled. Then cover the whole with a foot or so of straw, and the work is done. An opening must be made in the roof for ventilation.

An apartment can be made in the ice-house for storing meat, butter, &c., during the warm season, and this will be found no small convenience to farmers. For the sake of the family, who often have to procure ice when no men are around, the ice-house should be as near the residence as possible. It may be made of rough boards, and will cost but very little except the labor; or a little taste may be exercised in its construction, so as to give it a very becoming appearance.

W.

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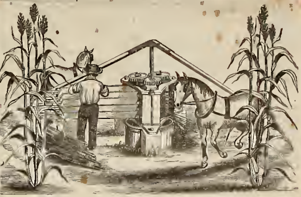
WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

SUGAR CANE CULTURE AND MANUFACTURE.

> "Not to know at large of things remote
> From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
> That which before us lies in daily life,
> Is the prime Wisdom. What is more, is fume
> Or Emptiness, or fond impertinence,
> And renders us in things that most concern,
> Unpracticed, unprepared, and still to seek."

So thought the writer, as he stood shivering in the chill, damp air, on the Iowa Fair Grounds eagerly listening to O. M. BRAINARD's Sugar Cane Experiences, in the relation of which he so effectually and explicitly set at naught all preconceived notions relating to this sweet subject.



CHINESE SUGAR CANE, AND HEDGES, FREE & CO.'S VERTICAL IRON CANE-CRUSHER.

It is proper to say that Mr. BRAINARD has been engaged extensively in the culture and manufacture of Sorghum, during the past three years. He has made it a study, and in its prosecution has experimented largely.

PREPARATION OF SEED.

It is well known that, as usually planted, the seed is slow to germinate, and the early growth of the plant is slow. This renders, on our weed-producing prairie soil, its cultivation difficult; for the weeds get the start of the plants, and the cultivation is a constant struggle thereafter. So great is this objection, that at a Convention attended by the writer, at Rockford, in the early part of the present year, one cultivator announced his intention to grow the plants in a hot-bed, and transplant them to the field after the ground became warm. This was decided feasible, inasmuch as the Sorghum plant is easily transplanted—as sure to grow right along as cabbages. But there is no need of hot-beds, according to Mr. BRAINARD. He soaks his seed in warm water for twenty-four hours, a week before he wants to plant it; he then puts it in a bag, and buries it in a warm place in the soil, watching it carefully to see that it does not heat. It quickly sprouts. When the sprouts begin to push through the bag in all directions, he plants it, and it grows right along without any trouble, making good strong plants from the outset. He recommends ridging the ground and planting on the ridges—even on dry upland soil. The growth is quicker in its earlier history if thus sown, while it is weak as usually planted, in furrows. With this recommendation of soaking the seed others agree; and the practice of planting on ridges is also commended.

On the train, subsequently, I met a Henry county farmer who told me he had practiced soaking his seed twenty-four hours, and putting it in a warm place and keeping it moist until planted, then planting it; and at that date (early in October,) his was the only ripe cane in his neighborhood.

WHEN TO CUT THE CANE.

I say nothing about the culture, because it is well understood that good corn culture is all that is required; but remind the reader that it has been the practice to wait until the seed had become nearly ripe, strip the cane of the foliage, and let the seed ripen before it is cut. Then the tops of the cane are discarded. But Mr. BRAINARD discards this process. When he gets ready to grind he cuts the cane, tops, foliage, and all, and rushes it through the mill. He does not wait for the seed to mature unless it is perfectly convenient to do so; he says just as *good* sirup may be made from immature cane, but not as *much* as from that, the seed of which is ripe. He would cut the cane when the seed is in the dough state, in order to secure the largest amount of saccharine matter in it. And he is opposed to stripping off the leaves before the cane is cut, or afterward, until it is cured. He has found that by cutting the cane before frost comes, and allowing it to cure with the leaves on, it may be stacked and kept dry, and kept through the winter without detracting from its value for grinding. Cured in this way, he asserts that it will bear repeated freezing! So long as the frost does not soften the joints there is no danger. Our conversation was too brief to get a reason for this assertion. I can only give it as I received it.

Mr. BRAINARD is not alone in his theory, that it is better to cut and cure the cane with the foliage on. Last March, Mr. FOSTER, of Winnebago county, in this State, (Illinois,) in a speech on this subject, discouraged the practice of stripping the stalks of the foliage. He would cut the stalks when ripe (or before frost, whether ripe or not,) and lay down in gavels to cure. When the foliage had cured sufficiently, would secure it from rain and frost, putting it in a dry place. He believed a better quality of sirup could be made from the cane with the foliage cured on it, than if stripped in the field before cutting. It will be seen that Mr. BRAINARD makes an important addition to this experience; for if freezing—repeated freezing—does not injure the cane after it is thus cured, and the joints hardened, it will lengthen the grinding and manufacturing season indefinitely. In this direction alone, this is an important discovery.

MANUFACTURE.

Another item we observed as Mr. B. manufactured sirup—a good sample too—from green cane on the Iowa Fair grounds, viz:—He did not keep constantly skimming the scum from the surface of the boiling juice. He was boiling on a Cook's Evaporator. If I remember right, the juice was constantly running in at one end of said Evaporator, and sirup running from the other end.

"Don't you skim at all?" I asked as I noticed the accumulation of scum, and no skimmer at hand.

"No. The scum gathers here, at the ends of these sections, while the pure juice flows in an uninterrupted stream up and down, until it reaches the outlet, and has become sirup. When the scum becomes so thick as to stop the flow of the juice, then we take it off and clean the Evaporator thoroughly."

The writer opened both eyes and mouth to listen to this new law and practice. Ye sweltering, steamed, heated, puffing and blowing skimmers of scum, just "stick a pin here!" No clarifier is used except heat; lime-water, as well as the skimmer, is tabooed. That's what we learned of our new found friend in much less time than we have written it.

THE WRITER VISITS A MANUFACTORY.

One beautiful October day—the dawning half of which we had enjoyed among the gardens and pleasant places found on the bluff whereon is built Davenport, Iowa—we climbed the eastern bluff back of Rock Island, and overlooking it, (Davenport,) and the shimmering waters of the Mississippi between, with the fluted, frost-covered bluffs above and below, and found our way to the quiet, cosey home of the proprietor of the Black Hawk Nurseries. His crop of cane was being manufactured a little distance away, at the mill of A. & H. DARLING, and we accepted an invitation to ride thither.

The mill is a horizontal, three-roller mill, propelled by one horse. We believe it was manufactured at Rock Island, but Messrs. DARLING said it was not as good as some others they had seen, and spoke highly of that manufactured by HEDGES, FREE & CO., of Cincinnati, O. The cane is ground and the juice flows into a long wooden vat under the mill. Here are heaps of Sorghum and Imphee cane belonging to different parties in the neighborhood, who draw it hither and pay eighteen cents per gallon for manufacturing. A little way from the mill stands the sugar-house, or, more properly, the boiling-house. It is a comfortable, substantial, wooden building, without floors, in the center of which is a double flue, the sides of which are brick, the bottom of the evaporating pans covering them and forming the top. These flues connect with a large brick chimney in one end of the building. Three pans, or evaporators, are used, each of which will hold and boil a barrel of juice. Two of these pans are made of ordinary sheet iron, with wooden sides; the third is galvanized iron. The first two are filled with juice, which is evaporated in them until the third, or galvanized pan, will hold what is in both of them, when their contents are transferred to it, and the two are again filled with fresh juice, while the finish is given to the sirup in the galvanized pan. Here we find the skimming process in vogue, it being deemed strictly essential; and there is no doubt that it is in these evaporators. Near by stood a Cook's Evaporator. Why don't you use that? we asked.

"We have tried," was the reply, "but we can do nothing with it."

This is not unlike the experience of others I have heard talk. One man told me he had tried Cook's Evaporator until they had got entirely satisfied it was good for nothing, and had cast it aside. A year afterward an agent came along and showed him *how* to use it, and now he would not do without one. A farmer told me he believed it one of the greatest necessities among farmers that they be taught the use of machinery, or how to use it—the agricultural schools should institute a regular drill in its use, and each student should be put through, Zouave style! There was a cause for the remark well worth thinking about by those having in charge the education of young farmers.

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But to resume. Lime-water, or limed-juice is used as a clarifier. Lime is dissolved in the juice of the cane, and about two tablespoonfuls of this mixture—strong with lime—is added to each barrel of juice. This neutralizes the acid somewhat, but Mr. D. thinks if all the acid is removed, it is not so good sirup—he said it tasted "flat." The degree of heat given is 224 degrees Fah. The juice is kept boiling steadily and as lively as possible without allowing it to boil over. The sooner the juice can be got from the mill to the pan the better. A great deal of stress was given the importance of cleanliness. It is essential that the pans, mill, and everything the juice touches, be kept clean; and it was asserted that all these parts should be scalded and cleansed once every twelve, or at the longest, every twenty-four hours. Unless this is done, the juice which remains on the different parts of the machinery, sours and affects the newly expressed juice which comes in contact with it.

AN EARLY VARIETY OF IMPHEE.

When the writer visited Mr. DARLING'S mill, he was boiling juice expressed from a quantity of Imphee Cane grown by D. F. KINNEY, proprietor of the nurseries before alluded to. Mr. K., in the spring of 1860, sent to Cincinnati for some Imphee seed, specifying the variety he desired, and which he had seen recommended because of its early maturity and sugar producing qualities. The seed obtained was planted, and a dozen varieties, more or less, seemed to result from it. A few stalks of these matured much earlier, and the cane seemed much sweeter than the rest. The seed of these stalks was saved and again planted last spring. The crop was quite two weeks earlier than the Sorghum crop in the vicinity. The yield of juice was quite as large and good quality as the Sorghum. The manufacture of sirup had not been completed, hence the writer was unable to determine its relative quality. But if maturity is important in order to secure *sugar*, this variety of Imphee should be propagated. It is believed, by the writer, that this Imphee is shorter jointed and more dwarfed in its habit, but yielding a heavier cane.

PLASTER, NATURAL GRASSES, CORN AND ROOTS.

THE writer has often been asked of the effect of the use of plaster on different crops, when to sow, and on what crops it should be applied. In the West this inquiry is one of increasing importance and interest, and I was very glad to see the article on "Clover and Plaster" in the RURAL of November 9th. And my attention was arrested, in reading that article, by the last paragraph, which, I fear, will mislead many. I say *mislead*, because it conflicts with both my *experience* in the *use* of plaster, and my observation in hundreds of cases where I have seen it used. Now it is no part of my object to assert whether gypsum acts as an agent in "fixing the ammonia of the atmosphere and of rain" or not; but simply to take for my text that adverb, "justly," which appears in the fourth line of the paragraph.

The writer says:—"Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that the effect of gypsum upon clover, lucerne, sainfoin, &c., is really attributable to its fixing the ammonia of the atmosphere and of rain, M. BOUSSINGAULT justly asks why it is that it does no good whatever to natural pastures, and still less to root and corn crops."

M. BOUSSINGAULT would have asked that question "justly," were it *true* that gypsum "does no good whatever" to the crops named. *It is not true*, in New York, at least. I suppose M. BOUSSINGAULT means by "corn crops," all small grain crops. There is not a cereal in the whole list of cultivated crops commonly grown in this latitude, which is not benefitted at certain seasons of the year, on peculiar soils, and at particular stages of their growth, by the application of a top-dressing of gypsum; and the assertion is based on no theoretic formula, but upon demonstration. The writer has known winter wheat crops *doubled* in productiveness by the early use of gypsum in the spring, even before the ground had thawed out and settled. Spring wheat and oat crops have been greatly stimulated by the application of gypsum soon after the plant had made its appearance. Barley on the light loam soils is made to "prick up its ears," and yield the better, if this sulphate is scattered over it. The application of gypsum to crops above named, has been on a variety of soils—on a light sandy loam—on the stiffer clay loams—and on well drained, well pulverized clays. And I have never yet witnessed an experiment, unless on low, wet, undrained soils, where such application has been made where the effect has not been to stimulate and strengthen the plant,—in some cases, though not often, too much for the proper maturity of the crop. It is simply absurd to talk of confining its effect to leguminous plants. It is as valuable an agent as can be applied to the potato crop soon after the plant pushes through the ground. The writer has never used it, or seen it used, except in a single instance, on any other crop, but has applied it to the potato year after year, successively, with positively favorable results, invariably—*especially on soils that were well drained and had not been highly manured.* In one instance has seen good results from its application to a carrot crop. And it ought to be generally known, if it is not, that it is an excellent investment if used as a top-dressing on Indian corn—especially on *dry soils.* I shall be laughed at by my old neighbors, who have used it "ever since I can remember" in all these relations, and who believe it indispensable for doing what it seems a duty to do—write of these facts.

The result of a good deal of experiment and observation has been to convince the writer that LIEBIG's theory is better sustained by *demonstration* than that of any opposing writer. With the space, sundry marked experiments might be enumerated to sustain his theory, but I must be content with the simple assertions above made; and there are scores of farmers who have had experiences that will confirm them.

One thing more. *Now* is a good time to apply gypsum to upland pastures or meadows, whether of timothy, red top or clover. The effect of the application will be profitably apparent next season. The next best time to apply gypsum to grass crops is *early* in the spring.

THE LIFE OF MACHINERY.

A FERTILE soil is not a greater source of wealth than careful economy. The taxes the people of the West pay to support Government, are *small* compared with the tax which Neglect imposes upon them. It would be a disastrous day for the administration that should impose a direct tax upon the Agriculturists of the Country, to support any manufacturing interest, equal to that now voluntarily paid by them to support the manufacture of agricultural implements and machinery.

What do I mean? Let the reapers, mowers, horse-powers and threshers, corn-shellers, corn-planters, drills, rakes, cultivators, plows, harrows, &c., &c., that are to-day out of doors, in the fields where they were last used, exposed to sun and storm, heat and cold, answer! The wear of disuse and exposure is much greater than if in constant, careful use. The loss to the capital of the agriculturists of the country by this one item of neglect to properly take care of and shelter the implements and machinery used on the farm, is greater than *any other tax levied upon them, and wholly unnecessary.*

Perhaps you do not believe it, reader. If you do not, please determine, by referring the matter to some careful, thrifty farmer, who *takes* care of his tools (if you do not), and who *uses* them as much as the average of men. Ask him how long a good reaper and mower will last him—or ascertain the age of his wheat drills, corn-planters, cultivators, plows, &c., as he uses and takes care of them. Then go ask his neighbor, HAVEN'T-GOT-TIME, about the age of *his* tools. See if he does not storm about the miserable way in which machinery is manufactured, and tell you that he has had to buy at least *two* new reapers while your neighbor, LOOK-AFTER-THINGS, has been using one. Extend your inquiries through the neighborhood, and you will soon have data enough by which the unnecessary tax may be paid in your neighborhood. Suppose you try it!

This matter has often received the attention of the writer before; but the practice of many farmers renders this, unfortunately, a seasonable topic now. And I am reminded of the matter by the following conversation which I find in my note-book:

The sales of reapers and mowers, this year, in most localities in the West where I have traveled, have been very large, considering the condition of money matters and the prices paid *for grain. I was* talking with an intelligent farmer in one of the western counties in this State (Illinois), who has been acting as agent for agricultural machinery a number of years, and during the past season for an Eastern reaper and mower. He had sold a large number, and said he, "I shall sell twice as many another season." I expressed my surprise, inasmuch as he had enumerated the number sold of each of several rival machines, which was large in each case. He said there is no cause for astonishment when it is known that the average life of a reaper and mower *is not over two years.* "for," said he, "six out of ten farmers do not stir their machines from the spot where they unhitch at the close of harvest in the fall, until the next harvest—leaving them exposed in the fields." It is not, therefore, astonishing that reapers are short-lived.

"How long ought a good well-built reaper to last, if properly used, with the necessary repairs resulting from its use?" I asked.

"It ought to last eight years, on an average—that is, the average life of reapers ought to be at least eight years, with proper care. Some, in the hands of some men, will last much longer."

The writer believes, from such inquiry as he has been able to make, that the above reply is a correct one. Now allow the average age of Mr. HAVEN'T-GOT-TIME'S reaper and mower to be two years, and placing the cost at the low figure of $175, we find that his reapers for the eight years cost $700, and we say nothing about repairs, or the interest on the money. Mr. LOOK-AFTER-THINGS' reaper and mower cost $175, and we will add $10 per year for repairs, making a total of $255, without interest. Deduct, and we have an unnecessary tax of $445 which HAVEN'T-GOT-TIME pays during eight years—over $55 per year! The figures might be made much larger, and yet not endanger fact.

Let it be remembered that this is only the tax paid to Neglect on a single implement. Extend the inquiry to other exposed tools, and it will be found that the aggregate eats into profits enormously. This subject may be regarded sufficiently suggestive if I leave it here. It certainly ought to suggest a general rush for neglected and exposed tools.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Feed of Cows after Calving.

IT is customary with many farmers to feed cows immediately after calving, with warm slops—a pail of bran or meal and warm water, well salted; and a better diet is commenced at once in order to get as much milk as possible. This is objected to by some as contrary to nature, and very likely to induce caked bag and milk fever; also that the cow should have rest and quiet. It is an error to suppose that tasking the stomach after the fatigue of parturition can be otherwise than hurtful. A drink of water and a little dry hay is enough for the first day, and she should have nothing better than the best hay for three or four days—until all inflammatory symptoms are past. So says the *Rural Register.*

Black Leg in Cattle.

WE learn from the Boston *Cultivator* that Mr. Robert Lang, of the Bridge of Weir, V. S., read an interesting essay on "Black Leg," on the 13th ult., at the West of Scotland Veterinary Medical Association, in Glasgow. As a cure for that complaint, he recommends for yearlings one dram of potassio-tartrate of antimony, and two of nitrate, to be given every fortnight to the young animals, beginning about the months of July and August. The dose is doubled for two year-olds. This has been successful. When disease appears in a stock, he has all those not yet affected bled and purged, with excellent effect. He moderates the diet, and turns the best thriving animals from the over-luxuriant to the barer pasture.

Cotton in the Sandwich Islands.

THE cultivation of cotton is to be tried on a new field. Late advices from the Sandwich Islands state that King Kamehameha has retired to his country seat at Kona for the purpose of devoting himself principally to experiments with cotton. The Honolulu *Commercial Advertiser* says:

"The King has recently purchased some cotton seeds and intends to appropriate a portion of his land to the cultivation of cotton, so as to give it a fair trial, though he says he has not much faith that the islands are to be suddenly enriched by this branch of agriculture, but is ready and anxious to take the lead, and give the force of his example. Like every other new branch of industry, money must be expended and lost in experimenting; and when the necessary experience is gained, some one will succeed in making cotton-growing profitable."

Farm Houses.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture* says:

"In passing through our farming towns, the observant traveler will be often painfully impressed with the untidy appearance of the farmers' premises. Bleak, barren and unsightly, with hardly a tree, shrub, or flower to indicate the presence of civilized human beings, who would wonder, if such were to be his dwelling place, at the anxiety of the farmer to 'sell out' and try his fortunes in some more lucrative business? Contentment in such a place would prove him something more or less than human.

"Why is it that farmers, as a class, are so careless of appearances? If, as I believe, the love of the beautiful is implanted in every human breast, why should not the farmer cultivate it? If forms of beauty delight and attract us—if they refine and elevate us—leading us upward from a merely sensual to a more spiritual life, why should we not surround our dwellings with objects which will be a delight to the eye rather than the reverse. The farmer's life is too often one of mere drudgery, when, were he to improve the advantage of his position, it might be one of continual delight. The removal of unsightly objects from the vicinity of the dwelling, filling the yards with flowers, would cost but a trifle, either of time or money, and would add materially to the happiness of the household."

Extraordinary Fat Cow.

JOHN JOHNSTON writes to the Secretary of the New York State Agricultural Society, that he slaughtered a cow fed by himself, the weight of which was as follows:

Live weight		1,684 lbs.
Dead weight—Beef	1,104 lbs.	
Tallow	217 lbs.	
Hide	90 lbs.	
Total		1,411 lbs.

This is sixty-five and a half per cent. of the live weight of the beef, and eighty-three and a half per cent. of beef, hide and tallow. The cow was six years old, of the pure Hereford breed. Her feed in the foddering season was buckwheat, bran, corn-stalks, or hay, the corn-stalks by far the greater part of the time, and nothing but pasture from the 6th or 8th of May, until the beginning of December, when she was fed soft corn for about a month; and afterwards buckwheat bran, as she would not eat enough of the corn meal to improve her.

Trotting Horses too Young.

IT has long been our opinion, says the Wisconsin *Farmer*, that horsemen are too much given to putting their promising colts to their speed at too early an age. We have in our memory a number of splendid young horses which, as we think, were just about ruined by such blunders of their owners.

There can be no objection to commencing the process of training at quite an early age. Indeed the work of education should begin while yet they are sucking colts. But as the development, strength, and power of endurance come on gradually, rarely attaining their maximum until the horse arrives at the age of six or seven, or even eight years, it would seem to be the teaching of philosophy and common sense that the severe trials of speed and power should not be imposed until the period of maturity. And yet nothing is more common, at most of our State and County Fairs, than to see young colts of hardly three and four years put upon the trotting course and whipped through to the very verge of their endurance. In our way of thinking, such practices are not only unwise but barbarous and inhuman.

Composting Muck.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Maine Farmer*, who has a field some distance from his barn, to which he wishes to apply muck, asks the editor for advice how to manage with the muck to make it the most profitable—premising that the muck swamp is close to the field to which he wishes to apply the manure, and is some distance from his barn. The editor thus replies:

Swamp muck, as we have often remarked, is a valuable fertilizer, after it has become thoroughly decomposed by fermentation, and according to Dr. Dana, is equal in value to cow manure. It can be used as a manure in various ways, and according to the circumstances of the cultivator.

An easy method for preparing it for use, if not immediately wanted, is to throw it from the deposit and let it remain exposed to the elements for a year, forking it over twice during the time, which, with the action of the rain and frost, will thoroughly reduce the whole mass. In the present instance, however, we would advise our correspondent to draw the muck to the field he wishes to manure, which, if not already performed, can now be attended to. After the muck is carted, it can be composted with unleached wood ashes, or with quick lime. We should recommend the former, because they contain a considerable quantity of potash, in addition to lime, which are both powerful alkalies. No precise rule can be given as to the amount of ashes to be composted with a cord of muck, for muck varies in acidity and in the matter of which it is composed, but experience will settle this question. However, enough ashes to create fermentation, is all that is required. A cord of muck contains about 103 bushels, and to this should be added 5 bushels of ashes, placed in layers and afterwards completely mixed by shovelling the whole heap over, both this fall and another spring, before it is used. An application of 12 ox-loads of about 34 bushels each, will be a sufficient dressing for one season, yet on soils rather deficient in vegetable matter, this same application should be made for several years. It is better, if the muck is particularly *raw*, to allow its exposure for a while before composting it, but this is not always absolutely necessary.

Our correspondent can, we suppose, purchase ashes in his vicinity for 12½ cents per bushel, and if living near a village he may as well carry back ashes when returning from hauling lumber, wood, &c., and it will be seen that this will form a very cheap and at the same time a valuable manure for corn, potatoes, root crops, and as a top-dressing on poor lands.

Inquiries and Answers.

PRESERVING MANURE.—As I live on a sandy soil, and by piling the manure in a heap in the yard, I am satisfied the best part runs out, and leaches away in the sand, I want something that will hold the ammonia in solution, I suppose.—H. S., *Milan, Erie Co., Ohio*, 1861.

WASH FOR FENCES AND OUT-HOUSES.—I would like to be instructed through the RURAL how to prepare a good and durable wash, as paint, for fences and out-buildings,—one that will be more durable than our common lime wash, and not so expensive as lead paint. I would like a dark stone color. If any of your readers can give a recipe for this, they will much oblige.—A REGULAR READER, *Haddonfield, N. J., November*, 1861.

Take a clean barrel that will hold water. Put into it half a bushel of quicklime, and slake it by pouring over it boiling water sufficient to cover it four or five inches deep, and stirring it until slaked. When quite slaked, dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, which may be had at any of the druggists, and one of common salt, and which, in a few days, will cause the white-wash to harden on the wood work. Add sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of thick white-wash.

To make the above wash of a pleasant *cream color*, add 3 lbs. yellow ochre.

For fawn color, add 4 lbs. umber, 1 lb. Indian red, and 1 lb. lampblack.

For gray or stone color, add 4 lbs. raw umber and 2 lbs. lampblack.

The color may be put on with a common white wash brush, and will be found much more durable than common white-wash.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER continues remarkably warm and pleasant for the season. The first real snow in this section fell on Monday night, 25th inst.,—but it was less than an inch deep, and soon evaporated under the bright sun and cloudless sky of the day following. Telegrams report that the snow was 12 inches deep at Utica, on Sunday, and 6 inches at Buffalo, while the weather was very cold at the West.

FARMERS' CLUBS.—As this is the season for these institutions to hold regular weekly or fortnightly meetings for discussions, lectures, etc., we hope our progressive friends will give them proper attention. In places where Clubs are organized, see that they are in successful operation. For social influence—attending the meetings and taking part in the proceedings, and inducing others to do so—will greatly enhance the interest and usefulness of such associations. If there is no Club in your locality, now is the most appropriate season to form one—and all the capital required is the union of a few earnest men, who desire to "teach one another," by imparting and receiving such information as has been acquired by observation and experience. We have often brought this subject to the notice of RURAL readers, and only allude to it now because it is timely—merely to suggest that you, Reader, if located in the country, surrounded by a half dozen soil cultivators, ought to belong to a Farmers' Club which holds "stated meetings." Of the benefits of such Clubs, properly conducted, there can be no doubt—that point is beyond question. To the farmer or horticulturist, one evening's attendance at a Club of the right stamp will pay better dividends—to say nothing of the superior mental, moral, and social enjoyment—than a thousand at the tavern, store, or corner grocery, where politics, war, tobacco smoke, etc., are in the programme.

TAKE CARE OF THE IMPLEMENTS!—We have aforetime written somewhat on this subject, and talked earnestly upon it in appropriate places, yet presume that even RURAL readers (prompt and careful as most of them are in many things,) will bear reminding of the matter. Most farmers know the importance of paint and shelter to the preservation of implements, machinery, wagons, &c.,—yet, knowing the *right*, we fear too many still the *wrong* pursue. Judging from appearances, many consider the roadside, yards, fence corners, and fields, the most appropriate depositories for implements and machines, in all sorts of weather, notwithstanding the rapid decay and dilapidation to which they are subjected by exposure to alternate storm and sunshine. Read the seasonable and logical article on "The Life of Machinery," by our Western Aid, and decide whether you will emulate Mr. LOOK-AFTER-THINGS, and save money, or follow Mr. HAVEN'T-GOT-TIME in allowing things to go to ruin for the want of a little timely attention.

DISCONTINUANCE OF "THE HOMESTEAD."—Some months ago, as we noticed at the time, *The Homestead*, an excellent agricultural weekly, published at Hartford, Conn., was changed to a monthly—to be thus issued for the remainder of the year, and perhaps longer. We regret to learn from the September number, just received, and which closes the eighth volume, that the career of *The Homestead* closes therewith. In his farewell address, the editor gives several reasons for its discontinuance, the first and most prominent of which is this:—"A seductive but most unwise system of credits, prevalent almost all over the world, and which we believe has now received a felling blow, involved multitudes in this country in great pecuniary embarrassments, and taught us, too late, perhaps, the lesson of a no-credit system in publishing such a journal." The War, and consequent cessation of subscription and advertising patronage, and the *error* of attempting to make the journal a *local* one, ("thoroughly adapted to Connecticut in particular, and Southern New England in general,") are also enumerated as causes of failure.

RURAL ITEMS.—*A Big Cotswold* is owned by WM. SIMONS, of Ashtabula Co., Ohio,—a buck, one year old the 8th of April last, that weighs 222 lbs.!——*Rarey, the Horse-Tamer*, was in Switzerland, at last accounts, searching for a horse vicious enough to be operated on in public.——*Fires on the Prairies* have been very destructive of late in Minnesota. In the vicinity of St. Cloud, it is estimated that over 500 tons of hay have been burned, and in other sections the loss has been very great.——*The Pork Packing Season* has been inaugurated at the West, and thousands of hogs are being slaughtered. Speaking of pork, a Southern paper says it is "Thirty cents a pound, and not to be had at that." Rich West—poor Secessia!——*The Prairie Farmer* reaches us some ten days behind time, lately. What is the matter, brother EMERY? Is yours, or Uncle Samuel's, the slow coach? Hope you don't purpose to join the monthlies.——*A New Agricultural Association* is talked of in Canada West, to hold annual exhibitions at Hamilton.——*More Dutch Cattle* were recently imported by Mr. CHENERY, of Belmont, Mass. They are of the "Dutch Short-horned race," renowned for dairy qualities. Mr. C. thinks they combine all the good qualities of the Ayrshires and Short-horns.——*The Ohio State Board of Agriculture* is to hold its next annual meeting at Columbus, Jan. 8, 1862—instead of December, as heretofore announced.

EXTRA GOOD GLOVES.—We are indebted to Mr. E. D. HALLOCK, of this city, for a pair of Fur Gloves, of his own tanning and manufacture, which are both unique and comfortable. They were tanned by a new process, heretofore noticed in this journal, and which is a most valuable discovery. We wish each soldier in the Union Army could be supplied with such gloves—and think ours, though a present, must go to a Volunteer from the RURAL Office (one of VAN ALLEN'S Cavalry,) now a member of Gen. BANKS' body guard.

—Since the above was written we learn that our "bold volunteer," (C. G. VAN SCOYTER,) has been promoted. Good for CHARLEY! The gloves are fairly won, and must be worn.

THE N. Y. COACH-MAKERS' MAGAZINE.—This monthly is worthy the attention and patronage of carriage-makers. It is "devoted to the Literary, Social, and Mechanical Interests of the Craft," published in good style, and contains many excellent and appropriate illustrations. The editor is a practical Coach Maker, of long experience, and otherwise well qualified for the position. Edited and published by E. M. STRATTON, New York. $3 per annum.

WOOL FROM NEW REGIONS.—The British wool trade is very brisk this season, though at slightly reduced rates. Most of the European States buy wool rather than sell it in the British market, their own clip failing to keep pace with their domestic wants. This is true of Spain and Germany. Russia is the only European country that has increased its supply for England this season. But a great and fast growing importation has sprung up from the outermost parts of the earth, those new English colonies in Southern Africa, British India, Australia, and New Zealand. The imports of wool into England from the the above mentioned sources reached an aggregate of 248,313 bales during the first seven months of this year, being an increase of 27,560 bales over the first seven months of 1860. Much of this wool is of inferior grade, and hurried to market all dirty and greasy, selling therefore at very low prices, but the astonishing increase of its production in new regions, where the people naturally take to pastoral life and the sheep thrive finely, affords a presage of what may be done at cotton-growing within a few years. The realm of King Cotton extends all over the tropics, and the strong stimulus now applied excites competition among freemen to produce that fibre.

SORGHUM IN OHIO.—A Painesville (Ohio) paper says:—"Manufacturing Sorghum sirup is the chief business just now. Of course farm work is generally going on, but the cane is crowded into the mills as fast as possible, and they are kept running to their utmost capacity. The usual amount, and more too, is grown in the township, and in no season has it matured better. The sirup made is better than ever, and some men are inclined to say that the Sorghum sirup as now made is an article superior to any other of any kind of cane."

"VOTE YOURSELF A FARM" was for years one of the clap-trap phrases of a certain class of political demagogues. Fight yourself a farm is now legitimate and patriotic. The Government now owns 60,000,000 acres, which have been surveyed and offered for sale, and are ready for private entry. Besides, nearly 45,000,000 acres have been surveyed, but not put in market, which may be taken up by pre-emptors. This is exclusive of the immense tracts of land which have not been surveyed in the new Territories of Dacotah, Colorado, and Nevada.

WESTERN COTTON.—A gentleman in Southern Illinois raised about one thousand acres of cotton the past season. It is a very good crop, and preparations are being made to plant about ten thousand acres next year. The gentleman who raised it is a Louisianian, and other Southern refugees in Southern Illinois and Indiana will probably devote their attention next year to the cultivation of their favorite staple.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Hallock's Premium Drag Cross-Cut and Circular Saw-Mill Combined—F. D. Hallock.
Metropolitan Gift Bookstore.
Astounding—A. C. Ballou & Son.
Bronze Turkeys—Wm. Eldredge.
Nursery for Sale—F. Barber.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Type and Stereotypes of Engravings for Sale—D. D. T. Moore.

The News Condenser.

— Potatoes at Memphis, Tenn., are $2 per bushel.

— Extensive salt springs have been discovered in Nebraska.

— The Infanta Donna Marcia de la Concepcion, of Spain, is dead.

— Judge Freme, at Alexandria, refuses to help at nigger catching.

— Five volunteer companies have sailed from California for Oregon.

— The exportation of saltpetre and gunpowder has been prohibited at Boston.

— Each division of the army of the Potomac is now fully supplied with cavalry.

— Two hundred and sixty-five boats per day are now locked through the Erie canal.

— Ten newspapers have suspended publication in the State of Iowa during the past 60 days.

— The Beaufort correspondent of the N. Y. Herald writes the strongest kind of abolitionism!

— It is understood that France has opened negotiations with Austria for cession of Venetia.

— The rebel Congress met at Richmond on the 18th inst., but had to adjourn for want of a quorum.

— A larger number of ships arrived at New York on Monday week than ever before known in one day.

— One thousand pumpkin pies were presented the 76th, N. Y., regiment by the ladies of Owasco recently.

— The Buffalo Courier says that six propellers are to be built in that city, this winter, for the lake trade.

— Twelve steel rifled cannon have been ordered for Ohio batteries, making 84 being manufactured for Ohio.

— The London Times, in an editorial on Russian affairs, anticipates exciting times in that country ere long.

— Since the opening of the war, the Navy Department has purchased 220 vessels, and still requires many more.

— A farmer came to this city last week with six squashes to sell, that number being all his wagon would hold!

— Capt. Semmes, late of the rebel steamer Sumter, is lecturing in Liverpool—of course, in behalf of treason.

— The California papers express the belief that several millions of the National Loan will be taken in that State.

— The old 69th regiment left New York for the seat of war on Monday week, as the 1st regiment of the Irish Brigade.

— On Wednesday week a boy was horribly burned in Waterville, Me., by a package of powder in his pocket taking fire.

— The Naval Department will recommend a large increase of the naval force for future operations on the Southern coast.

— Two hundred and forty barrels of eggs arrived at Boston on Tuesday week, in the steamer New Brunswick, from St. Johns.

— The rebels have one hundred and fourteen cannon mounted and in position on the bluffs of the river at Columbus, Ky.

— Twenty-three contrabands, in a single day, last week, crossed the Potomac, and such arrivals are daily more numerous.

— Several leading merchants of Baltimore have waited upon the President, soliciting employment for Baltimore mechanics.

— Gen. Sam Houston is not dead, according to a Galveston paper of a recent date, but "at last accounts was slowly recovering."

— On the 25th ult., the Cheat Mountain summit, in Virginia, was covered with an inch of snow, and the ground frozen hard.

— The regiments now going forward from New York are sent to Annapolis, and will form Gen. Burnside's division for coast service.

— Dr. Russell, in his last letter to the London Times, asserts that England and the United States were all but at war three months since.

— Gen. James Watson Webb, United States Minister Resident at the Court of Rio de Janeiro, arrived at his post on the 3d of October.

— Hog cholera is carrying off thousands of swine in Central Illinois. In Piatt county alone, fifteen thousand are said to have died recently.

— Ship-building on the Northern lakes is remarkably brisk. At Cleveland, Ohio, more than a dozen vessels are in progress, ten of them barks.

— About 50 letters a week are received by the President from officers of the armies of Europe, offering their services to the Government.

— The house plasterers of San Francisco have struck for an increase of pay, which was conceded, and they now receive five dollars per day.

— A menagerie was destroyed by fire in Boston on the 11th inst., and all the animals, some 70 or 80 in number, were smothered to death.

— The amount of silver now finding its way to San Francisco from Nevada is estimated, by well informed bankers, at six millions per annum.

— The New York Sunday Times says there is a shipping office in Wall street which takes Southern letters and forwards them for $5 a letter.

— Brownlow's Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig, which was suspended on the 24th of October, was the last Union journal in the eleven seceded States.

— It is stated that 17 mills, employed by the Government in the manufacture of army cloth and blankets, have been destroyed by fire since July 1.

— The Prince of Wales' Cornwall estates have rolled up a balance in the youth's favor which, after deducting his life's expenses, amounts to £700,000.

— Look out for counterfeit $10's on the Waterbury Bank, Conn. It is the best executed and most dangerous counterfeit that has been out for years.

— A lady in Pittsburg mourns the loss of a pet canary bird, which has just died of old age. The little veteran was 15 years of age, and he sang till he died.

— A person writing from Missouri, recently on the Hannibal and St. Joseph R. R., says the engine that brought him down had 81 bullet marks on her.

— Col. Dougherty, who was wounded and taken prisoner at Belmont, has been obliged to submit to three several amputations of his wounded limb.

— A lake scow went over Niagara Falls on Monday week. The flour and barley with which she was loaded were picked up by the residents below the falls.

— The citizens of Bath, Me., are making arrangements to send their own companies in the 3d regiment a Thanksgiving dinner of "roast turkey and fixings."

— Gen. Miramon, the defeated leader of the re-actionary party in Mexico, is taking active measures in Madrid to aid the invasion and conquest of his country.

— The "Pennsylvania Thirteenth" is the title of a neat little paper published by the regiment of that name, composing a part of Gen. J. J. Peck's brigade.

— Ex Gov. Woodbridge, of Michigan, died in Detroit on Sunday week, aged 84. He was a native of Connecticut, and had lived in Michigan for about fifty years.

— Two thousand horses have been purchased in Maine for the use of the army, for which two hundred thousand dollars have been paid to the farmers of the State.

— Government teamsters in and about Washington contribute one per cent. of their wages to support a hospital for themselves. The sum is $1,500 per month.

HORTICULTURAL.

STOCKS FOR THE PLUM.

The following remarks by Mr. Barry, on Stocks for the Plum, will answer several inquiries, and be interesting to many of our readers:

"It is not a little difficult in this country to get good plum stocks. If seeds be taken promiscuously from any variety that is to be had, as is done with most other trees, the probability is, that of the seedlings not one in five hundred will be suitable for a stock. I have seen bushels of seeds planted that were said to have been collected from strong growing trees, but out of the tens of thousands of seedlings produced from them, not one hundred were ever worked, or fit to be. It is not only necessary to obtain seeds from vigorous growing trees, but from a species or variety that reproduces itself from seed. This is the point.

"The *Horse Plum*, an oval, purple, free-stone sort, with vigorous downy shoots, reproduces itself from seed, and makes good stocks. On a suitable, well-prepared soil, its seedlings often attain two feet or more in height in one season, and are then fit for the nursery rows. They require a rich, substantial soil, prepared as recommended for pear seeds. Other vigorous sorts have been recommended in various parts of the country, but on trial they have been found quite inferior to the horse plum, and as a general thing worthless.

"The *Canada*, or *Wild Plum*, which abounds in Ohio, Michigan, and other western States, are distinct species, and reproduce themselves from seed. The seedlings of some grow extremely rapid, making fine stocks in one year on any good soil. They continue in a thrifty, growing state until late in the autumn; but they should not be worked above the ground in the usual way, as their growth does not keep pace with the species to which most of our cultivated sorts belong. The best way to manage them is to take the yearling seedlings, whip-graft them on the collar, and set them out at once in the nursery rows; they will make good trees for planting out in three years. The stock is all below the surface of the ground, and in time the graft sends out roots and becomes in a great measure independent of the stock. Where the seedlings are not large enough for grafting the first season, they may be set out in the nursery and allowed to grow one season, and then the earth can be removed from the collar until the graft be inserted, and then drawn up. To procure strong stocks for standard trees of weak growing sorts, like the *Green Gage*, such thrifty varieties as the *Imperial Gage* and *Smith's Orleans* may be grafted on this native species, and in two or three years they will make stocks strong enough for any purpose. The French use several natural species that are produced from seed — *St. Julien*, large and small (Brussels of the English), and the *Damas noir*, large and small. The first is generally used for stocks for apricots and peaches as well as plums. We find none of these superior in vigor to the horse plum, but they are worked more successfully. In England, the *Brussels*, *Brompton*, and *Muscle* stocks are used, propagated from both seeds and layers. For *small sized garden trees*, either dwarf standards or pyramids, the cherry plum makes a very good stock. It is probably the same as used by the French under the names of "Cericette" and "Myrobalan." Several of our authors and even some English writers say that the *Mirabelle* is the stock used for dwarfing the *plum*, *peach* and *apricot*, but it seems probable that they are mistaken. In France the cericette or cherry plum is used, and stocks sent us from England as Mirabelle, are but the cherry.

"How the mistake could be made is difficult to say, for the two trees are as different in habit, foliage, wood and fruit, as they can be. The cherry plum is a very low tree with bushy, erect branches, very straight, slender, willow-like, reddish shoots, exceedingly small leaves and buds, and smooth bark. The *Mirabelle* is also a low tree, but much more spreading than the other; the shoots are stouter, of a gray color and downy, with rather prominent buds for so small shoots. It ripens in September, and the cherry a month sooner.

"The cherry plum is a natural species, and can therefore be produced true from seed. It maintains a vigorous growth all summer, and may be worked in July, August, or September. It may also be propagated from layers.

"The *Sloe* is also used to some extent where very small trees are wanted, and we have no doubt some native species, as for instance the *Beach* and *Chicasaw* plums, small trees, will make good dwarf stocks. I am inclined to think, however, that very nice garden trees may be raised on the smaller species of the Canada Plum. The first year's growth and even the second are quite vigorous on them, but after that the vigor diminishes, and the trees become quite prolific. This and the cherry plum will probably become our principal stocks for dwarfing.

"Plums for seeds should ripen well on the tree; they are then gathered, the pulp washed off, and the seeds dried and put away in boxes of sand in alternate layers, as recommended for cherries. They may be sowed in fall or spring as circumstances already mentioned will admit.

"Nearly all plums used for stocks may be propagated by layers. Mother plants or stools are planted out and cut back as recommended for Paradise, &c.; the shoots of the previous season's growth are pegged down in the spring set, and two inches of earth drawn over them. Every bud on these layers will produce a shoot that, generally, will be well enough rooted in the fall to be separated from the stool and planted out into nursery rows the following spring. These layered shoots are cut off close to the old plant, and the upright shoots produced during the previous season may be again pegged down.

"The stools or mother plants managed in this way require the best treatment to maintain their vigor, that a supply of strong shoots may be produced every season fit to lay down in the spring. Weak, slender shoots, unfit to layer, should be cut out early in the season to aid the growth of those intended for use. This usually goes by the name of *Chinese Layering*."

MR. HOVEY vs. FRUIT GROWERS.

It has always been a source of some regret that Mr. Hovey has never once honored the meetings of the Fruit Growers of Western New York by his presence. To be sure we have been favored usually with the counsels of many men of experience, knowledge, and wisdom, (at least we have given them credit for these desirable qualities,) but we have been taught to look to the East for light, and in this, according to Mr. Hovey's notions, we are most sadly deficient. Although we have lacked his wise counsels, we have been favored with liberal criticisms upon our proceedings; for scarcely a meeting is held but furnishes, according to Mr. Hovey's opinion, evidence of fickleness or folly. In copying our report of the proceedings of the last meeting, in which is the following sentence:—"The Delaware (grape) was the favorite; everybody spoke in its praise"—Mr. H. says:—"If we recollect aright, the report not being before us, last year the Diana was the favorite, and was placed *first*. But this is no longer so. Perhaps another year some other sort will be the favorite. We fear the cultivators of that section are too fickle in their estimate of the grape. A grape that will only remain the favorite one year is hardly the grape for everybody to cultivate."

We know not how it is in Boston, but here we are learning more of our new grapes every year. The Delaware has not long been fruited in this section; indeed the past winter and summer may be said to be the first opportunity our fruit growers have had of testing fairly the hardiness and productiveness of the Delaware grape. It may be a little old fogyish not to jump at conclusions, and decide the merits of a grape upon a few specimens sent from Ohio or the Hudson, or from a bunch or two, the first fruits of a nursed vine; but this is a habit our Boston friend will have to excuse. The reports do not seem to show any great partiality for the Diana; but even were it so, the fact that last spring exhibited the Diana killed to within a few inches of the ground, and consequently no fruit, while every bud of the Delaware was sound, and produced abundance of fruit this summer, would be very likely to work a slight change in sentiment. The next meeting of this Society is to be held on the 8th day of January next, in Rochester, and we fear, unless we are favored with illumination from the East, we shall again do something foolish.

PLANTING CHERRY AND OTHER SEEDS.

Nature indicates the autumn as the time for planting all kinds of fruit seeds. At that time they drop naturally from the tree, and this is Nature's method of planting. We must remember, however, that not one in twenty of the seeds that fall from our forest or wild fruit trees ever produce plants. This would not suit the cultivator, who desires a plant from almost every seed. In some situations the soil is so retentive of moisture that the vitality of a majority of the seeds would be destroyed before spring. In a heavy soil the surface would become so beaten down by the heavy rains, and so dried and hardened by the spring winds, that it would be impossible almost for young plants to make their way through it. In such cases it is best to save seeds until spring. In a dry, light soil, we would plant in autumn. When cherry seeds are saved until spring, the flesh should be rotted off and the pits dried by spreading them on boards. They should then be put away in boxes, between layers of moist sand, and put away in a cool cellar or out-of-doors, protected from the rain. As they germinate very early and at a low temperature, they should be kept as cool, and be planted as early, as possible. Sow them in drills, in a light soil, and do not use fresh manure or much manure of any kind. After one season's growth they will be ready to transplant to nursery rows the following spring, and may be budded the same summer.

WINTER PARLOR ORNAMENTS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:— Allow me to recommend to all ladies who want a beautiful parlor ornament, one of living, refreshing green, the purchase of a few good house plants. If they are just coming into flower, all the better; but for winter ornament I would not sacrifice good form and lively foliage for the sake of the flowers. Among the plants for early winter flowering, there is nothing I know of like the Chrysanthemums, as they will give a profusion of bloom from now until after the holidays. They bear, too, the heat and dryness of our rooms without seeming to suffer, and three or four plants of different colors will make a fine display sufficient for any ordinary room.

But the best way to keep plants in our living rooms is to have a glass case made somewhat in the fashion of show-cases in stores, but of the right shape to contain the plants. Place this upon a stand near a window, and place the plants in it and close it up. In this way they are preserved from dust, and need but little watering. Indeed, if the earth in the pots is covered with a little damp moss, no water will be required for a long time; for the case is so close that but little evaporation takes place. Every lady can realize how much neater this is than the ordinary way of keeping plants where watering every day is necessary, and where even the leaves must be washed occasionally to keep the plants in anything like health and vigor. In such a case cut flowers may be kept in summer for many days as fresh as when first taken from the plants.

I think the case I refer to might be attached to the window in some manner so as to be a fixture, and thus would be formed a miniature green house that would afford great pleasure at a very little expense. If the editors of the Rural will please tell us how this can be done I shall be much obliged, and I think others also. Celia.

In our next we will give some directions for the arrangement of the window cases, as requested by one correspondent.

VINE CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

"Vine culture in California is about to receive important aid from the State. Under a concurrent resolution of the Legislature, the Governor has appointed three Commissioners who are to have charge of the matter. One of them is to make a tour of all the vine-growing countries of Europe, for the purpose of collecting a large number of the best varieties of vines and trees and taking them into California for distribution among the citizens. As all previous experiments in this department of horticulture have failed, because of the injury received by foreign plants on the voyage, it is the intention to employ on the steamer one or more gardeners, whose duty it shall be to watch, air and water the vines and trees. Very delicate plants will be set out in pots filled with sand, on the vessel's deck. It is also the design of the Commissioners to make a special effort to induce and form emigration companies from the vine-growing districts to settle in California, and also to make arrangements with capitalists in France in purchasing grapes from the producers, and making them into wine, brandy and champagne; to establish houses in different parts of the Golden State to purchase the grapes grown therein; to manufacture them into wine, and to erect a bottle manufactory. The plan suggested for raising the money to carry out the enterprise, is to divide the people of California into four classes, each person of the first to pay $500, the second $400, the third $50, and the fourth $25, in consideration for which subscription to the fund, every subscriber is to receive a designated share of the vines, trees and plants to be imported, the shares to be proportioned to the sum paid by each.

Each person paying $25 shall receive twenty-five varieties of choice vines, two cuttings of each. Among them shall be the seedless Sultana raisin, the currant, the celebrated Madeira and mammoth Palestine, two paper shell almonds, one of Smyrna and the other of Italy, two oranges of choice variety, two lemons, two olives, two figs, two large Italian chestnuts, two pomegranates, and a bound volume of the report, which will contain full instructions for the making and fermenting of wine as it is done in the different countries; also the manner in which champagne and Cognac brandy is made; showing the mode of curing and packing raisins, figs and currants, pickling olives, making olive oil, drying and curing the celebrated Mecklenburg fruit, and preserving grapes and other fruits in cans."

The above we find in the papers; but before our California friends undertake anything of this kind, we hope they will become well posted as to the best means of carrying plants across the ocean, as practiced by Fortune and other modern botanical collectors. By doing so, they will be likely to save much cost and loss.

HOW CHINESE MAKE DWARF TREES.

We have all known from childhood how the Chinese cramp their women's feet, and so manage to make them "keepers at home," but how they contrive to grow miniature pines and oaks in flower-pots for half a century has always been much of a secret. It is the product chiefly of skillful, long continued root-pruning. They aim first and last, at the seat of vigorous growth, endeavoring to weaken it as far as may be consistent with the preservation of life. They begin at the beginning. Taking a young plant (say a seedling or cutting of a cedar,) when only two or three inches high, they cut off its tap-root as soon as it has other rootlets enough to live upon, and replant it in a shallow earthen pot or pan. The end of the tap-root is generally made to rest on the bottom of the pan, or on a flat stone within it. Alluvial clay is then put into the pot, much of it in bits the size of beans, and just enough in kind and quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment to the plant. Water enough is given to keep it in growth, but not enough to excite a vigorous habit. So, likewise, in the application of light and heat. As the Chinese pride themselves also on the shape of their miniature trees, they use strings, wires, and pegs, and various other mechanical contrivances, to promote symmetry of habit, or to fashion their pets into odd fancy figures. Thus, by the use of very shallow pots the growth of the tap-root is out of the question; by the use of poor soil, little of it and little water, strong growth is prevented. Then, too, the tap and side roots being within easy reach of the gardener, are shortened by his pruning knife, or seared with his hot iron. So the little tree, finding itself headed on every side, gives up the idea of strong growth, asking only for life, and just growth enough to live and look well. Accordingly, each new set of leaves becomes more and more stunted, the buds and rootlets are diminished in proportion, and at length a balance is established between every part of the tree, making it a dwarf in all respects. In some kinds of trees this end is reached in three or four years; in others ten or fifteen years are necessary. Such is fancy horticulture among the Celestials.

Horticultural Notes.

Ventilation of Apple Barrels.—A Chicago fruit dealer urges upon all who pack apples for that market the boring of holes in the barrels. "By this means," he says, "the boring of holes in the head or the staves of the barrels will allow the escape of the moisture that is constantly passing off from the newly gathered fruit. We hazard nothing in the statement that one half the fruit sent to this market this season, so far, has been materially injured from this cause. The effect of confined vapor upon the apple is not at once apparent. The fruit appears uncommonly bright on the first opening—but as the surface dries off, the apple begins to grow dull looking, and if a light skinned apple, in a day or two will present the appearance of half baked fruit.

"But this steaming from confinement not only injures the sale of the fruit, but, to the great disappointment of the consumer, his fruit does not keep as he supposed it would, and as the variety of apple he purchased led him to suppose it would. Premature decay is sure to follow as a consequence of this want of ventilation."

Lobelia bicolor Marmorata.—This is a new and beautifully distinct variety, and must be regarded as a valuable addition to summer-blooming annual and biennial flowers. Its dwarf and densely-branched tufted habit of growth is equal in compactness with the well known *L. erinus speciosa*, and, like it, blossoms profusely throughout the summer and autumn months. Its elegant petal-tints differ from *L. speciosa* and other kinds by being of a pale marbled blue toward the center, which passes into a richer blue margin, and the entire flower is rendered beautiful in effect by a conspicuous white center, which adds a brilliant luster to the mass of bloom. It is admirably adapted for front margins, or belts to ribbon flower borders, or small beds. By pot culture, it may be produced in succession-bloom throughout the late summer months for conservatory and green-house decoration; and by autumnal sowings, it may be preserved in cold pits, to be gradually forced into flower in the spring months.

Plum, Bower's Gage.—Several friends have called our attention to this variety, so named by the parties who are growing it, through having received it from its raiser, Mr. Bower, of Philadelphia. It very closely resembles Lawrence's Favorite in every respect, and we think scarcely worth a separate name and distinction. Like that excellent kind, it is probably a seedling from the Green Gage. Wherever it has been grown the past few years, it is remarkably productive, and though the fruit is evidently as freely "stung" by the curculio, shows no tendency to rot to consequence. However, we are forced to the conclusion that any one variety, when in a perfectly healthy state, will as easily resist injury from the curculio as another. A slight tendency to ill health evidently adds to the injury the insect does.—*Gardeners' Monthly*

Facts about Hawthorn Seeds.—The following facts about Hawthorn seeds are furnished by B. G. Wright, of Elbridge, Onondaga Co.:—"Seeds grown the present season will not germinate, if planted, next summer, but may be prepared for planting one year hence by mixing them with earth in a box,—open enough at the bottom to allow the water to run out,—and placing it out-of-doors the coming season so that they may freeze. Seeds are to be planted in the garden at the depth onions are usually planted, and tended in the same way. Five quarts of seed of this year's growth will be required for fifty rods of fence. Plants may be set in hedge row at one year old.

Fruit Printing.—A German journal, the *Agronomische Zeitung*, publishes the following:—"At Vienna, for some time past, fruit dealers have sold peaches, pears, apples, apricots, &c., ornamented with armorial bearings, designs, initials, names, &c. The impression of these things is effected in a very simple manner. A fine fruit is selected at the moment it is beginning to ripen, that is, to take a red color, and paper, in which the designs are neatly cut out is affixed. After a while the envelope is removed, and the part of the fruit which has been covered is brilliantly white. By this invention the producers of fruit may realize large sums."

Striking Cuttings of Roses.—I have been in the habit for some years of striking roses in what appears to me such a much more simple way than is described in your paper, that I send you an account of the method. At any time of the year, when they are to be procured, I take cuttings of any sorts of roses I want to propagate (moss included) and cut the half ripened wood into lengths of two eyes. I remove the bottom leaf, leaving the top one to rest on the surface of the bed, and nourish the cutting while it forms its roots. The hot-bed (a very slight one) in which I plant the cuttings, is made in the following manner: On the top of a little dung, just enough to give a slight bottom heat, I place six inches of earth, moistened to the consistency of mortar, then cover with two inches of silver sand. I have occasionally struck every cutting, but 90 out of 100 is an average result.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

Making Outlines of Fruit.—The *Country Gentleman* gives the following method of making outlines of fruit: "Cut the fruit through the middle, a little before it is fully ripe, and if will dry slightly in a few minutes, so as to impart but little juice to the paper. The application of blotting paper to the cut surface will also assist in removing the juice. Then, with a pen and ink, lightly touch the edge, inking the stem rather heavily; press it well upon a sheet of soft, smooth, unsized paper, and a perfectly accurate impression will be made. The stem must be separately and hardly pressed. By using reddish-brown ink for red and russet fruits, and greenish-brown for green fruits, the effect will be fine. Any defects in the impression are easily corrected with a pencil or pen. A little practice will enable the operator to apply just such a quantity of ink as will give with a single impression a clear outside line and a soft shade within."

Pentstemon Spectabilis (Showy Pentstemon)—Nat. Ord., *Scrophulariaceæ*. Linn., *Didynamia Angiospermia*. "A lovely Californian species." Flowers numerous, in a panicle, on a stem nearly two feet high. Introduced by Messrs. Low, of Clapton, where it flowered last May.—*Botanical Magazine.*

Choice Grapes.—We are indebted to Mr. H. N. Langworthy, of Greece, well known as an amateur cultivator of superior Horticultural products, for a supply of choice Grapes for Thanksgiving. Thanks, Friend L., in addition to those enjoined by the Governor and our conscience.

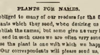
Grape Crop in France.—The French journals say the grape crop this year is abundant, and of excellent quality. The mildew, which has been so destructive, seems to have been checked by the use of sulphur.

Convolvulus tricolor monstrosus—A variety of the well known *C. minor*, having a dwarf diffuse style of growth, with exceedingly rich and dark purple blossoms.

Inquiries and Answers.

PLANTS FOR NAMES.

We are obliged to many of our readers for the fine specimens of plants which they send, when desiring us to ascertain and publish the names, but some give us very imperfect specimens, and in such cases we are often very much in the dark, unless the plant is one with which we happen to be familiar. Our correspondents will please send us, as far as practicable, entire plants in flower, when small, and of large plants, main branches in flower, with leaves from different parts, especially from the main stem.



Early in October, "C. M. H., Meridian, N. Y.," forwarded us a specimen of a leguminous plant in flower, which we at once recognized as a familiar friend of our early days, but could not remember or ascertain its name. The German gardeners here said it was a common flower in that country, where it was known by the common name of Wicken, and so we stated in the Rural of October 5, page 309. Not satisfied with this, we pursued our investigations, and were finally rewarded by ascertaining the true name of the plant, which is *Tetragonolobus purpureus*, or Dark Crimson Winged Pea. It is a curious plant, with dark crimson flowers and large, dot pods, which are so deeply winged that they appear surrounded by a flounce. In old times, it was a great favorite in English flower gardens, but is now seldom grown. There are several varieties, differing principally in the color of the flowers. It is said to be a native of Sicily, where the seeds are used as a substitute for coffee. We give an engraving, showing the form of flower, leaf, and winged pod.

As it seems to be the general opinion of people that you know everything worth knowing, and after they have learned all they can everywhere else, they turn to you, and expect you will tell them the rest, I thought I would act upon the same principal, and send you this flower for name. The seed was obtained at the Patent Office, at Washington. I have had it growing in my garden two years, and have asked a great many to give me the name of the flower, but no one has been able to do so. I, of course, expect a name—the real Yankee name.—K., *Medina, N. Y.*, 1861

The flower sent us by our Medina friend is a *Phacelia*, but what variety we cannot say, as it does not correspond exactly with any we cultivate. It is very much like *P. congesta*, but the latter has purplish flowers, while those received are blue. *P. tanacetifolia* is one of the best of the *Phacelias*, and though it cannot be called a pretty plant, having a somewhat coarse and weedy look, its flowers are fine, and quite striking from the singular manner in which the racemes unroll as fast as the blossoms open. *P. viniifolia* is much like *P. congesta*, but the flowers are light blue.

The plant sent us some time since by H. Smith, of Wales, St. Clair Co., Mich., is *Artemisia Canadensis*, or Canadian Wormwood.

Sulphite of Lime.—Is it true that sulphite of lime—I mean that invented or recommended by Prof. Horsford—will prevent fermentation in cider, and keep it sweet?—T. N., *November*, 1861.

Sulphite of lime will arrest fermentation and keep the cider from becoming acid. Sulphite of lime is sulphurous acid and lime. Long before Prof. Horsford recommended sulphite of lime for the purpose, we were in the habit of taking cider from the barrel a week or two after its manufacture, filtering it, and restoring it to the barrel, which was first filled with the fumes of burning sulphur. This process is more troublesome, but the effect is nearly the same as that obtained from the use of the sulphite. We do not know that Prof. Horsford is entitled to the credit he is receiving, for sulphite of lime was recommended more than twenty years ago as "one of the best substances that could be added to liquors to arrest fermentation." Any one who has the *Cyclopædia of 6,000 Recipes*, republished by Appleton & Co., New York, in 1845, will find proof of this fact on page 305.

Horse Chestnuts and Mountain Ash Seeds.—When should Horse-Chestnuts and Mountain Ash seeds be planted—this fall or next spring?—Aug. B. Raymond, *Oshkosh, Wis.*, *November*, 1861.

Horse-Chestnuts may be planted at once, or preserved in boxes of sand until next spring. The fall, however, is the best time. Mountain Ash seeds should be placed in boxes of sand, and allowed to remain until next autumn, or the spring of 1863. They will not germinate the first year. They are in this respect like the seeds of Hawthorn.

Domestic Economy.

HOMINY CAKES.

One pint of small hominy or Carolina grits, one pint of white Indian meal, sifted, one saltspoonful of salt, three large tablespoonfuls of fresh butter, three eggs or three tablespoonfuls of strong yeast, one quart of milk. Having washed the small hominy and left it soaking all night, boil it soft, drain it, and, while hot, mix it with the Indian meal, adding the salt and the butter. Then mix it gradually with the milk, and set it away to cool. Beat the eggs very light, and add them gradually to the mixture. The whole should make a thick batter. Then bake them on a griddle in the manner of buckwheat cakes, greasing or scraping the griddle always before you put on a fresh cake. Trim off their edges nicely, and send them to table hot. Eat them with butter. Or you may bake them in muffin rings. If you prefer making these cakes with yeast, you must begin them earlier, as they will require time to rise. The yeast should be strong and fresh. If not very strong, use four tablespoonfuls instead of two. Cover the pan, set it in a warm place, and do not begin to bake till it is well risen and the surface of the mixture is covered with bubbles.

Rose Water.—As I have not seen a response to the inquiry for a recipe to make Rose Water, I send the following, hoping if any one knows a better they will communicate it for the benefit of the readers of Rural:—Fill a bottle half full of good brandy, then add as many fresh rose leaves,—the cabbage rose is preferable,—as the vessel will hold, cork tight and keep in a cool dry place. At the expiration of a few months it will be ready for use.

Rose Butter.—Put down in a jar a layer of good sweet butter, then a layer of rose leaves. When wanted for use; melt and strain the butter, and use for cake in the usual way. This will keep a year.—Frankie, *Maple Grove, N. Y.*, 1861.

For Bleaching Woolen Yarn, Etc.—Take a stone or iron, which is hollow in the center, and heat it very hot. Place it in the bottom of an old barrel. Have your yarn washed in clean, soft suds; then take a piece of brimstone the size of a walnut and put it on the stone in your barrel, hang in your yarn and cover immediately with rags or something which will prevent the smoke from escaping. If you have any flannels which need bleaching, place those first over the barrel. I have seen a crape shawl, and silks, white ribbons, &c., bleached beautifully in this manner. Everything should be first rinsed in the suds. No washing is necessary after bleaching.—Mary French, *Dodge's Corners, Wis.*, 1861.

Rice Custards.—Sweeten a pint of milk with loaf sugar, boil with it a stick of cinnamon, stir in sifted ground rice till quite thick. Take it off the fire, add the whites of three eggs, well beaten; stir it again over the fire for two or three minutes, then put it into cups that have lain in cold water; do not wipe them. When cold, turn them out, and put them into the dish in which they are to be served; pour round them a custard made of the yolks of the eggs and little more than half a pint of milk. Put on the top a little red currant jelly or raspberry jam. A pretty supper dish.

A Beautiful Dye.—Gather the faded leaves of the dark maroon-colored hollyhock, single or double flowers, place a large handful in about a quart of water, with a piece of alum about the size of a filbert; let it simmer down to about the quantity; dip ribbons, cashmere, woolens or silks, into the liquid, and you will obtain the fashionable and elegant tint called "mauve." Ribbons should be wrapped in a piece of white calico or linen, so as to dry gradually and evenly. The shade of color may be lessened by adding water, if the tint should be considered too high.

Rice Waffles.—Take a teacup and a half, or a common sized tumblerful and a half of rice that has been well boiled, and warm it in a pint of rich milk, stirring it till smooth and thoroughly mixed. Then remove it from the fire, and stir in a pint of cold milk and a small teaspoonful of salt. Beat four eggs very light, and stir them into the mixture, in turn with sufficient rice flour to make a thick batter. Bake it in a waffle-iron. Send them to table hot, butter them, and eat them with powdered sugar and cinnamon, prepared in a small bowl for the purpose.

To Extract Ink Stains from the Covers of Cloth Books.—Many of the preparations for removing ink spots not only entirely remove the said stains, but the color also. The following, however, will be found perfectly harmless: To half an ounce of oxalic acid put a fluid ounce of distilled water; when nearly dissolved, add half an ounce of citric acid: this will be a saturated solution, and will entirely remove ink without injuring or discoloring the substance, whether silk, cotton, linen, cloth, velvet, &c.

Sweet Potato Pudding.—Beat to a cream one pound of sugar and one pound of butter; boil and pound fine two pounds of potatoes; beat the potato by degrees into the butter and sugar; add five eggs beaten light, one wineglass of wine, one of brandy, and one of rose-water; two teaspoonfuls of spice, and half a pint of cream. Bake it in a crust. This will fill seven puddings.

A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of moldiness and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, never molds; and merchants suffer large bales of this article to lie in the London Docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from the damp.

To Clean Black French Crape Vails.—Will the Rural please let some of its many readers inform me, through its columns, how to clean a black French Crape Vail? Also, how to make nice tomato chowder, and oblige,—Young Farmer's Wife, *Cuba, N. Y.*, 1861.

Soda Cake.—Five eggs; two cupfuls sugar; one cupful butter; one cupful sweet milk; four cupfuls flour; two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; one teaspoonful soda.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

Again, we say, have you tried D. B. De Land & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus? If not, get a paper at once, and be astonished at its happy results. It is for sale by all reliable wholesale and retail dealers, and at wholesale by the manufacturers, at Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

THE LITTLE COAT.

I HAVE a little velvet coat, with trimmings plaided bright,
That has been laid for years away, close folded out of sight;
Yet sometimes, when I chance to come where it has been so long,
The silken edge looks dim and blurred, because my tears are strong.

The last time that I took it down, because the need was o'er,
I found the pockets full of toys that would be used no more;
The little bits of colored glass and tinsel paper lay
Folded together with the coat, and so—I let them stay.

Of all the traces that are left, reminding of the past,
This touches nearest to the quick, because he wore it last,
And often times the little arms were crossed upon its breast,
That never more will clasp me here, because they are at rest.

Without the little tender form, this coat I cannot see
Something in every worn down fold recalls it back to me;
And though his every garment one is sacred to my heart,
From this, the pockets filled by him, I could not bear to part.

My little boy no longer needs his coat with trimmings bright,
For, since I had it laid away, his robes have been of white;
So, when I meet him at the last, my longing eyes may see
The little hand that placed the toys held out again to me.

Portsmouth Journal.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WISDOM'S PEARLS.

"Straws swim upon the surface; but pearls lie at the bottom."

TRUE worth, true excellence, can never be acquired without labor,—hard, steady, persevering labor. When Sir ISAAC NEWTON was asked how he had succeeded in making so many great discoveries, he replied, "By thinking." Not in such musing or dreaming as many school girls love to indulge; but in deep, profound thought,—"by thinking," said the great Philosopher. By diving to the bottom of the sea called Knowledge, and gathering what?—straws? No, they are on the surface for the frivolous and unthinking; but pearls, new gems of truth and great worth, that have shone and will shine with an ever enduring brilliancy through all future generations, and which have rendered the illustrious name of NEWTON a pearl and star of the first magnitude.

What a lesson is here presented for the student. What a noble example to encourage the young to adorn their minds with the pearls of wisdom and knowledge, which will shine and grow more fair and beautiful through the never-ending ages of eternity. It should be our aim to cultivate and discipline our minds on high and worthy objects, that we may grow wise and better prepared to meet life with all its changes. If we so exercise our brain to think,—if we study with the desire and purpose of understanding,—if we *dive through* our books, not *skim over* them,—what will be our reward? Will we be prepared to take our place in society, with a brain as empty and a mind as light and hollow as the straws that swim upon the surface?—or will we be honored, respected, and loved, for the pearls of thought and intelligence it may be ours to gather, if we will? How beautiful, how truly captivating is an intellectual woman. We love her for her goodness. We respect and admire her noble character. We bow at the shrine of her intellect. We delight to sit at her feet and learn the lessons of truth and the duties of life.

We love and revere the honored names of HEMANS, SIGOURNEY, and STOWE. And why? Because their minds, like pearls of the sea, sparkle with luster made luminous and shining by the brilliant achievement of deep thought. They gathered pearls. Ah, yes, says one, but they were highly endowed with talent and genius. Very true. Suppose, however, they had laid it away in a napkin, or wasted time over the latest fashion, turned all their attention and thought, as very many ladies do, upon dress, jewelry and gew-gaws. Would their names stand honored and distinguished, praised by the great and noble of our land, if they had spent all their time talking and prattling over the silly and incessant theme—dress and the "latest style?" We believe and approve of ladies dressing neatly and becomingly. But we do not believe in spending all our time ornamenting and adorning our person, which will soon moulder to dust, and neglecting the mind, which is immortal. We will render our life here pleasant and useful, if we rightly improve our time, talent and opportunities—if we gather pearls instead of straws.

In reading the life of Mrs. HEMANS we learn that she was a thinking, studious scholar. "She studied early and late, her whole life long." And critics have in no respect rendered her fuller justice than in noticing her astonishing progress, indicated by her successive productions. Here we have a beautiful example of what a studious, persevering mind can accomplish. Let us follow her example, and ever bear in mind that

> "Errors like straws upon the surface flow,
> He who would search for pearls must dive below."

AGNES PATTERSON.

Gainesville Seminary, N. Y., 1861.

* * *

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ASSOCIATIONS.

How much of the habits and peculiarities of the man the associations of the child are responsible for. The associations of the youth stamp and mold the character of the man, proving "there is a destiny which shapes our ends." Associations by which we are surrounded, and grow up among, must and will leave their influence and effect visible through all our life, whether for good or evil, ennobling and elevating, or lowering and degrading. Criminal confessions, the evidence from the House of Correction, almost always point to the influence of evil associations in youth, leading gradually on to deeper crimes and darker deeds. Our Asylums, Jails, and Penitentiaries, are peopled with those whom the vile influence of vicious associations, continued in and grown stronger with maturer years, have at last placed there. Just as surely as the handling and being among coal will blacken, begrim, and soil one's clothes and hands, so most assuredly will the frequenting and mingling with evil, vile, and dirty associations, blacken and soil the native purity of character, the upward and elevating tendency of thought, corrupt and taint good manners and good morals, and bear downward in all its degrading force, with weight and rapidity, gaining velocity in its descent until we shudder and fear to think to what base depths of infamy its ill-fated, infatuated victim will be brought. Educate the boy in the bar-room, and the man is lobby-member to a bar-room, versed in bar-room tactics and logic, skilled in slang phrases and loafer lore. Cards, racing, prize-fighting, all leave their degrading tendency deeply stamped. Circus and theatre acting have an influence anything but good and ennobling, and educate the frequenter in a way not likely to commend his own or his neighbor's confidence or respect. School the boy in the course or ring, and the man is a gambler, learned in Billingsgate, will tell the champion of the last fight, when and where the next will be, and if not a knave, it's a miracle.

Equally powerful and certain to the promotion and healthy action of elevated thought, noble deeds, and purity of principle, are the associations of the good and pure, the wise and just. Surrounded only by such associations, strictly avoiding all that have a low or degrading tendency, can but be conducive to the attainment of the highest moral perfection possible for poor human nature to reach. Keep the boy at home under good influence, see that his teachers are what they should be, his studies of a right nature to interest and instruct, while they ever inculcate and set forth the satisfaction, benefit, and power of right actions and good deeds, and show the wrong in a true light, and the man will be one you are proud to name among your friends, and honor and respect are sure to follow him.

BEN BURDOCK.

* * *

THE BENEFIT OF SUNLIGHT.

WHEN that glorious and good man, Sydney Smith, used to go down into his breakfast room with his great heart full of humanity and love, and he found the blinds let down, he used to call for the servant and bid him "glorify the room." Beautiful thought to let in the glory of God—the life-giving sun—without whose rays darkness and death would forever have wrapped the earth in her sable pall, and night, dark night, brooded over this now joyous and dancing sphere; the cot of the humblest peasant rejoices in thy smile, while the proudest of the earth can claim no more.

Who that has ever entered a modern New York parlor, with its gaudy curtains and vulgar gilt capitals; who that remembers with childish joy the sunlight as it glances back to his delighted eye the colors of the flying bird; who that has mournfully looked on his declining ray as it lighted up a mother's grave with hope of a future life, but has felt the sickening falseness of this miserable condition which we call fashion? Every living creature, except the eyeless fish of the great caves, instinctively seeks the light. Physiologists have proved that it is not only the moral influence of sunlight that preserves us in health, but its positive loss from the blood which develops tubercles in the lungs of cellar-imprisoned rabbits, and in parrots, cats, and other animals. Even the potato stretches forth its sickly and watery shoots toward the earth-burrowed window, to catch a ray of the great life-giver; arrived at its health-giving power, its juices thicken; it assumes its natural color; and even while its source is dying of wasting vegetable scrofula, its leaves spread forth and ask of Nature and Nature's God to save them from decay. "Glorify the room!"

A little flock of fancy pigeons, with which we have been wont to divert ourselves, have sensibly failed in cheerfulness, and their productiveness decreased more than half since they were deprived of the sunlight. It is well known among Naturalists that this bird is liable to scrofula, and several of ours have died from tubercular lungs and scrofulous abscesses, their diet and treatment being very varied, and similar to what it was before they were deprived of the sun, when they were in perfect health and bred abundantly.

If the sun be the source of all life and power; if without him, the heart cannot contract and expand with the proper amount of power intended at birth, according to the organic law impressed on *every living creature*, what must be the effect of its deprivation during so many hours each day on a young woman while immured in a city parlor, or darkened chamber?

We all feel the gloom and oppressiveness of a house on which the sun does not shine; the farmer builds his barn if possible fronting south-east, because he knows his cows will give more milk in winter, and his hens lay more eggs. The gardener can raise nothing in his hot-beds without sunlight, and the orchard produces no well ripened apples without it; they lack color and are insipid. So will your cheeks, dear girl, become blanched, your form attenuated, your appetite feeble, and perhaps an early death follow your contempt for this great law of God; better even that, than you should insure tubercular lungs or weak hip joints and spines to wretched and deformed offspring.—*The Scalpel.*

* * *

FASHIONABLE DISEASE.—The day when it was considered interesting and lady-like to be always ailing has gone by. Good health, fortunately, is the fashion. A rosy cheek is no longer considered "vulgar," and a fair, shapely allowance of flesh on the bones is considered the "style." Perhaps the great secret that good looks cannot exist without good health, may have had something to do with the care now taken to obtain it; whether this be so or not, future generations are the gainers all the same. A languid eye and a waxy, bloodless complexion may go begging now for admiration. The elegant stoop in the shoulders formerly considered so aristocratic, has also miraculously disappeared. Women walk more and ride less; they have rainy day suits of apparel, too, which superfluity was never known to exist aforetime, sunshine being the only atmosphere in which the human butterfly was supposed to float. In short, "the fragile women of America" will cease to exist only in the acid journal of some English traveler, who will, of course, stick to the by-gone fact as still present reality, with a dogged pertinacity known only to that amiable nation.

* * *

HASTY MARRIAGES.—The New York *Tribune* makes the following sensible remarks on the subject of hasty marriages:

There is not a city, there is scarcely a township, which does not number among its inhabitants women who have married on very short acquaintance, only to be abused, deserted, and left a burden and a life-long sorrow to the families in which they were born and reared, and which they most imprudently and improperly deserted to share the fortunes of relative strangers. If young ladies would realize how grossly indelicate, as well as culpably reckless, such marriages appear in the eyes of the observing, they surely would forbear. A year's thorough acquaintance, with the most circumstantial accounts, from disinterested and reliable witnesses, of the antecedents from childhood, are the very least guarantee which any woman who realizes what marriage is, will require of a stranger. Even then, if her parents are not fully satisfied as well as herself, she should still hesitate. Marriage is an undertaking in which no delay can be so hazardous as undue precipitation.

* * *

THE LADY.—The aim of a real lady is always to be natural and unaffected, and to wear her talents, her accomplishments, and her learning, as well as the newest and finest dresses, as if she did not know she had them about her.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE WOODS.

I LOVE the trees that rear so bold
Toward the skies their stately heads,
Although their robes of green and gold
Lie withered on the ground and dead,
And the blithe birds their festal hymns
No longer warble on their limbs.

With roots and branches joined they stand,
And like a brother-band appear,
Who lift to heaven their countless hands
In prayers which Nature deigns to hear;
And soon their verdant robes will bring
Upon the balmy breezes of spring.

They're teachers, who, with magic force,
The heart in willing bondage bind,
And stamp the ethics of their source
Upon the tablet of the mind,
And ever heavenward raise the rod
To point us to the home of GOD.

Lowville, N. Y., 1861. C. M. D.

* * *

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MIND vs. METAL.

"A man's a man for a' that."

I BEG your pardon, Mr. NAMBY PAMBY, or whatever your name may be, but did I understand you to say that you couldn't be anybody because you were *poor*,—that you possessed talent enough to have been a great man, if you had had *money* enough? If you did make that low-minded remark, and *meant* it, I have only to say that you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't, for goodness sake, look me in the face, and repeat it; for if you do not blush at it, I do for you. Good Heavens! hasn't a poor man eyes? hasn't a poor man "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?—hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer" as the rich man is? What are you talking about, and what do you mean, if you have any meaning? Must the bare fact that somebody's barns are better filled than yours, that somebody's farm is bigger, that somebody's railroad stocks bring larger dividends, that somebody's coffers are nearer full, or his money-bags are heavier, prove, for one moment, that Mr. SOMEBODY is a better man, or is able to make himself a really *greater* man than you are?

"Poor but proud," I have heard people say, as though the two adjectives were incongruous. I would like to know why a poor man shouldn't be proud as well as anybody else, especially if he has *brains*, and *more* especially if he's got a generous soul and a clear conscience,—which attributes our modern CRŒSUSES, for the most part, have not. I never feel ashamed of a poor man, until I find out he's ashamed of himself, merely because of his poverty, and then I get worse than ashamed of him,—I pity him,—pity him very much as I do a poor, grovelling worm, that obtrudes itself across the path of my morning walk,—pity him because he hasn't any soul. If you have the spirit of a man in you, Mr. NAMBY, stand up and let the world know it,—let people know that a man can be a man without being gilded,—let them know that you value yourself for yourself, and not for your having, or not having, gold about you. Never, if you wish to respect yourself, or have any one else do it, never, I pray you, condescend so *low* as to fawn and cringe about the feet of a rich nabob because he happens to have more title-deeds and bank notes than you have. The things that I respect in a man, and am willing to worship,—if it's right to worship anything in a man,—are refinement of feeling, elevation of thought, purity of life, and mental and moral culture of every kind; but when you come to the mere matter of metal,—silver and gold, and the like,—why, then I become as insensible as an icicle. I never did, and never will, pay obeisance to the purse-proud ignoramus, whose house and lands constitute the only letter of recommendation he can offer.

It is certainly no disgrace to be rich, provided a man makes his riches a secondary matter with him,—it is doubtless a very pleasant thing to have an abundance of money, where the possessor knows how to use it, in making himself, or any one else, wiser, happier, or more useful; but, for a man to live for his money and nothing else, is simply despicable.

Really great men, Mr. N., always *achieve* greatness,—it isn't being born great, or having greatness thrust upon them, that makes them truly so. I would like to know if money made ROBERT BURNS a great poet, or WALTER SCOTT a great author, or HUGH MILLER a great geologist? It was Sir ISAAC NEWTON'S mind, not his money, that placed his name at the pinnacle of earthly greatness; and that name will gleam there in letters of gold, when ROTHSCHILDS will have been forgotten. Do you suppose it was BEN. FRANKLIN'S *money* that taught him philosophy, and made him one of the best and greatest men the world ever saw? Was it money that made the name of WASHINGTON worthy of being transmitted to posterity, and that has caused his memory to be fragrant as summer blooms, and melodious as sweetest music, to this whole nation of freemen? Had the great and noble men of all ages waited to become *rich* before they essayed to *be* anybody,—the painters, the poets, the philosophers, and the scholars,—Heaven only knows what mines of wisdom, what priceless ingots of the pure gold of true greatness the world must have lost.

Great men have, for the most part, been fighting men. They didn't start like you, Mr. NAMBY PAMBY, with your listless arms hanging supinely down, and the corners of your mouth elongated. No, sir. They rolled up their sleeves, and prepared to fight. They took the world by storm—that is, so far as it opposed them. There wasn't anything or anybody they were afraid of. They conquered every obstacle. There was not only poverty, but there were contumely and abuse, envy and malice, and a legion of other foes, and they conquered them all. And now when I read of them, of all they endured, and all they overcame, of what they have been, and what they have done, my heart gets all aglow with love for the humanity to which I belong, and the little, puny, imbecile man who is only rich, and nothing more, sinks away, and shrinks away, till he is nothing better or bigger, in *my eyes*, than a dried leaf in November. A. M. P.

Fayetteville, N. Y., 1861.

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GREATNESS.—It is a remark of John Hunter:—"There never was a man that wanted to be a great man, that ever was a great man. For great men have endeavored always to do some great action that seemed to tend to some great good, and the effect made them great. Wanting to be great is vanity without power."

* * *

THE object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere.

THE DOMESTIC TYRANT.

IT is to me a thoroughly disgusting sight to see, as we sometimes do, the wife and children of a family kept in constant terror of the selfish bashaw at the head of the house, and ever on the watch to yield in every petty manner to his whims and fancies. Sometimes, where he is a hard-wrought and anxious man, whose hard work earns his children's bread, and whose life is the sole stay, it is needful that he should be deferred to in many things, lest the over-tasked brain and over-strained nervous system should break down or grow unequal to their task. But I am not thinking of such cases. I mean cases in which the head of a family is a great fat, bullying, selfish scoundrel; who devours the choice dishes at dinner, and walks into all the fruit or dessert, while his wife looks on in silence, and the awe-stricken children dare not hint that they would like a little of what the brutal hound is devouring. I mean cases in which the contemptible dog is extremely well dressed, while his wife's and children's attire is thin and bare; in which he liberally tosses about his money in the billiard room, and goes off in autumn for a tour on the continent by himself, leaving them to the joyless routine of their unvaried life. It is sad to see the sudden hush that falls upon the little things when he enters the house; how their sports are cut short, and they try to steal away from the room. Would that I were the Emperor of Russia, and such a man my subject! Should not he taste the knout? Should not I make him howl? *That* would be his suitable punishment; for *he* will never feel what worthier mortals would regard as the heavier penalty by far, the utter absence of confidence or real affection between him and his children when they grow up. He will not mind that there never was a day when the toddling creatures set up a shout of delight at his entrance, and rushed at him and scaled him, and searched his pockets, and pulled him about; nor that day will never come when, growing into men and women, they will come to him for sympathy and guidance in their little trials and perplexities. Oh! woful to think that there are parents, held in general estimation too, to whom their children would no more think of going for kindly sympathy, than they would think of going to Nova Zembla for warmth.—*Country Parson.*

* * *

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF MEMORY.

As there was an hour when the fishermen of Galilee saw their Master transfigured, his raiment white and glistening, and his face like the light, so are there hours when our whole mortal life stands forth in celestial radiance. From our daily lot falls off every weed of care, from our heart friends every speck and stain of earthly infirmity. Our horizon widens, and blue, and amethyst, and gold touch every object. Absent friends and friends gone on the last journey stand once more together, bright with an immortal glow, and, like the disciples who saw their Master floating in the clouds above them, we say, "Lord, it is good to be here!" How fair the wife, the husband, the absent mother, the grey haired father, the manly son, the bright eyed daughter! Seen in the actual present, all have some fault, some flaw; but absent, we see them in their permanent and better selves. Of our distant home we remember not a dark day, not one sterile care, nothing but the echo of its holy hymns and the radiance of its bright days—of our father not one hasty word, but only the fullness of his manly vigor and noble tenderness—of our mother, nothing of mortal weakness, but a glorified form of love—of our brother, not one teasing, provoking word of brotherly freedom, but the proud beauty of his noblest hours—of our sister, our child, only what is fairest and sweetest.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

* * *

HOW TO LIVE.—In these lovely autumn days one almost takes a new lease of life. The bracing air, the intense blue of the heavens, the gorgeous fall flowers, the cool mornings and evenings, the delicious noons, the glittering starry night—ah, how enticing they are! What a holiday yearning they send into the soul; what a vagrant gipsy-longing for deliverance from work and all restraint. But heed it not; for by the measures of duties well fulfilled, and obligations unshrinkingly met, shall be the measure of your truest delight. We are neither butterflies nor children, that life should be all glitter and song. He who enjoys a luxury most keenly is he who has earned it. Inherited ease is inherited *disease* of both body and mind. No more pitiable object exists on God's earth than the jaded pleasure seeker. He who with no necessity for labor, and no taste for mental improvement, or enthusiasm for any good or noble cause, counts the lagging hours, and shudders at the word "Immortality."—*Fanny Fern.*

* * *

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is, very properly, doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding, at the same time, that pedantic precision and bombast, which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

* * *

ENDEARING MANNERS.—There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united to self-possession—these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer; and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters.

* * *

ACCIDENT does very little towards the production of any great result in life. Though sometimes what is called "a happy hit" may be made by a bold venture, the old and common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river the crystal stream flows,
Over the river the Tree of Life grows,
Over the river each lone pilgrim goes
Through the dim portals of death.
Close by our threshold the dark Angel stands,
Beckoning us on with his pale, trembling hands,
Chilling our hearts with his cold, icy bands,
Stealing each quivering breath.

Over the river the streets are of gold,—
There are enjoyments and pleasures untold,—
Over the river Time never grows old
Bearing his burden of years.
There all our sorrow and sighing shall cease,
Hushed by the chorus of heavenly peace;
Over the river, thrice happy release,
We shall be free from our fears.

There every tear shall be wiped from our eyes,
There where the sunlight of glory ne'er dies,
Lighting forever those fair upper skies,
"Eden's" glad plains to adorn.
Over the river, fair Kingdom of light,
There heaven's mansions forever are bright;
Over the river there cometh no night—
Long is Eternity's morn.

Over the river! oh, blessed retreat,
Angels shall welcome our earth weary feet,
There shall our rest be eternal and sweet,
Up in that Kingdom of love.
There is a crown for each conqueror's brow,
All who are travelling "the narrow way" now,—
Ever so lofty or ever so low,—
All share a kind Father's love.

Over the river! while journeying here,
Grant us, oh, Father, Thy presence to cheer
Earth's winding pathway so lonely and drear
Only as Thou guide the oar.
Over the river, oh, take us, we pray,
When comes the evening of Life's fleeting day;
Over the river our barks steer away,
Anchor on Canaan's fair shore.

Over the river! we've crossed it at last,
Over the river our danger is past,
Safe in the Harbor our barks are moored fast,
Ne'er from their Haven to roam.
Then will we sing with the glorified throng
Loud hallelujahs, in one happy song,
Praising the Power that hath brought us along
Over the river—at Home.

Ogden Center, N. Y., 1861. "HATTIE."

* * *

UNEXPECTED RESULTS.

IN the spiritual as in the natural world, results seemingly disproportionate to the means employed are often developed. Sometimes Christians labor for years with almost no fruit; but usually the harvest ripens in its season, and surpasses in its abundance the expectation of the husbandman. No believing, earnest, and Scriptural effort for Christ, is without its final and large reward, and the feebleness of the instrumentality is no preventive to mighty results. God may use unexpected and even undesigned influences to accomplish his purposes, that the glory may be given to him. An illustration is found in the following authentic statement:

A godly minister, who had long labored and prayed for the conversion of a son, whom from infancy he had given up for the sacred office, should he, by Divine grace, be prepared for it, was doomed to see him carelessly throw off all his personal appeals for years; and yet that son was arrested, convicted, and eventually brought to Christ, by the use of a single word. The father, in asking a blessing at the table of the evening meal, besought it "for the sake of our *dear* Redeemer." "*Dear* Redeemer," mentally repeated the son. "Why dear?" "To whom dear?" "Should he not be dear to me?" The arrow of conviction, winged by that word, "*dear* Redeemer," had reached his heart. He withdrew from the table, betook himself to prayer, and rested not until that Redeemer, so dear to his father, was felt to be his precious Savior.

For a score of years that son has served God in the ministry of the gospel, and is often encouraged in hours of darkness with the conviction that the largest results may flow from his feeblest efforts, and souls be saved even by undesigned and casual words. —*Messenger.*

* * *

JESUS OUR EXAMPLE.

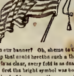
RELIGION is constantly suffering from the conduct of its professors. They do not put off the old man with his deeds, neither do they put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness. They profess to look to Christ as a Savior, but they do not take Christ for their example. But these things must not be divided. He who died for our sins, set us also an example that we should follow in His steps. Christ alone should be our standard, and likeness to Him should be our aim. We are only so far Christianized as we are like Christ. He says, "Learn of me." Not only learn by my teaching, but learn by my life. Do as ye see me do; act as ye see me act. The life of Jesus is the model after which the Holy Spirit works. As the Spirit of Christ, His work is to conform us to Christ. And under His teaching and assistance, it should be our daily aim to resemble Christ in our temper, disposition, and general deportment. Am I called to suffer? Let me ask, "How did Christ suffer?" and then seek grace to suffer just as He did. Am I called to work for God? Let me ask, "How did Christ work?" and then pray for grace, that I may work just as Jesus did. And so of all the rest, that my life may be a reflection of the life of Christ, and that in my conduct I may in some degree reproduce the conduct of the Lord Jesus. No one can tell how nearly he may be conformed to the life of Jesus, if he makes this his constant prayer and habitual aim. Grace can do wonders, and God giveth more grace. We are not now what we were once, and we may become very much more like to Jesus than we are now. Holy Spirit, make us just like our beloved Lord!

* * *

THE SAVIOR AND HIS FRIENDS.—Our Lord, in the days of His flesh, encountered various classes of enemies, but none of these ever included a woman. On the contrary, the gentler sex always appear to have been His followers or friends. Not only were they, as has often been said, the last at His cross and the first at His sepulchre, but throughout they ministered to His wants. A woman anointed Him for His burial; a heathen woman interceded for His life with her husband, Pilate; women bewailed and lamented Him as He went to Calvary; to a woman He first appeared when He rose again. All this was most fitting, since of a woman He was born, and to woman His Gospel was not only a means of salvation, but a source of domestic and social elevation for the present life.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"A STAIN on our banner? Oh, shame to the heart
Or the lip that could breathe such a thought!
Every hue is as clear, every fold is as dear,
As when first the bright symbol was bought.
With the blood of brave men it was purchased, and we
Pledge our own lives to keep it unstained;
On the land or the sea, where'er it may be,
Its honor shall still be maintained."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Capture of Mason and Slidell.

THE capture of the rebel emissaries, JAMES MURRAY MASON and JOHN SLIDELL, by Captain CHARLES WILKES, of the U. S. frigate San Jacinto, and the circumstances under which the capture was effected, have furnished the American press with an important topic for discussion. The question, "What position will England assume?" may be heard upon all hands, and there has been a "seeking for authorities" probably never before equaled in the history of our country. We give a somewhat detailed account of the manner of arrest, together with such citations from eminent jurists as have come under our observation.

The patriotism of Commodore STRIBLING, in command of the U. S. fleet upon the coast of Africa, being under a cloud, Capt. WILKES was dispatched to that point, with orders to bring our cruisers home. Capt. W. departed upon his errand, relieved the officer designated, and was upon his return in the San Jacinto when he stopped at Havana for coal. While thus employed, he heard that Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL were to leave on the 7th, on the British Mail steamer Trent, for England. Capt. Wilkes heard, about the same time, that the Sumter was off Laguayra, and he determined to capture her, if possible. While steaming through the Bahama Channel, he encountered the Trent, and brought her to by firing two shots across her bow. Lieut. FAIRFAX, of the San Jacinto, was immediately sent on board with a boat's crew and marines, and asked of the master of the Trent to see his passenger list. This was declined, and Lieut. FAIRFAX then stated that his purpose was to take into custody Messrs. SLIDELL and MASON, whom he knew to be on board, and those who accompanied them. The rebel envoys were soon recognized, and they refused Lieut. FAIRFAX's demand that they should proceed aboard the San Jacinto, and immediately went below to their staterooms. They were followed, and Lieut. FAIRFAX told them that if they refused to go peaceably he should be compelled to use force. They still refused, when the marines stepping forward and taking they them by the shoulder, they made no further opposition. Messrs. EUSTIS and MCFARLAND, the Secretaries of the rebel envoys, were also arrested.

The correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* writes that the rebel embassadors "had their families on board the Trent, and the prospect of a separation occasioned an affecting scene. Capt. WILKES subsequently offered to allow their families to accompany them, but the ladies refused, preferring the voyage to England and a protracted separation from their husbands, rather than the risk of an imprisonment in the North. SLIDELL's family consisted of his wife, four children, and two servants; EUSTIS' of his wife, two children, and a servant. The baggage of the prisoners was transferred to the San Jacinto, and it is said that it contains important documents, and among them their instructions from JEFF. DAVIS' Government. Any mail matter which had been intrusted to them had probably been transferred to the English mail. No opposition was offered by the officers of the Trent to the arrest, other than a verbal protest, though one man who had charge of the mails on board, indulged in some gasconade about the outrage committed, and was loud in his assertions that the blockade would be raised within a month after the news reached England.

"After their transfer to the San Jacinto, the prisoners united in drawing up a statement of the facts connected with their arrest, which they addressed to Capt. WILKES, and accompanied it by a request that it be forwarded to the United States Government. The signatures attached to the document were evidently written while under a feeling of trepidation, and they approximate to the irregularity of that of STEPHEN HOPKINS, of 1776."

We now offer a few extracts from authorities on International Law, which justify the seizing of persons or materials under circumstances similar to the case in hand:

WHEATON says:—"*The fraudulently carrying the dispatches of the enemy will also subject the neutral vessel, in which they are transported, to capture and confiscation.* The consequences of such a service are indefinite, infinitely beyond the effect of any contraband that can be conveyed."

"The carrying of two or three cargoes of military stores," says Sir W. SCOTT, "is necessarily an assistance of a limited nature, but in the transmission of dispatches may be conveyed the entire plan of a campaign, that may defeat all the plans of the other belligerent in that quarter of the world. It is true, as it has been said, that *one ball* might take off a Charles the XIIth, and might produce the most disastrous effects in a campaign; but that is a consequence so remote and accidental, that, in the contemplation of human events, it is a sort of evanescent quantity of which no account is taken, and the practice has been, accordingly, that it is in considerable quantities only that the offense of contraband is contemplated. The case of dispatches is very different; it is impossible to limit a letter to so small a size as not to be capable of producing the most important consequences. It is a service, therefore, which, in whatever degree it exists, can only be considered in one character—as an act of the most hostile nature. The offence of fraudulently carrying dispatches in the service of the enemy being, then, greater than that of carrying contraband under any circumstances, it becomes absolutely necessary, as well as just, to resort to some other penalty than that inflicted in cases of contraband. The confiscation of the noxious article, which constitutes the penalty in contraband, where the vessel and cargo do not belong to the same person, would be ridiculous when applied to *dispatches.* There would be no freight dependent on their transportation, and therefore this penalty could not, in the nature of things, be applied. The vehicle in which they are carried must, therefore, be confiscated."

From the *Elements of International Law* we quote—"The limits assigned to the operations of war against embassadors, by writers on public law, are, that the belligerent may exercise his right of war against them, wherever the character of hostility exists; *he may stop the embassador of his enemy on his passage,* but when he has arrived in the neutral country, and taken on himself the functions of his office, and has been admitted in his representative character, he becomes a sort of *middle man,* entitled to peculiar privileges, as set apart for the preservation of the relations of amity and peace, in maintaining which all nations are, to some degree, interested."

The *N. Y. Evening Post* quotes the following from the recent work of Dr. ROBERT PHILLIMORE, "Advocate of Her Majesty in her office of Admiralty:"

Page 368, Sec. 27—(*Contraband.*)—"It is indeed competent to a belligerent to stop the embassador of his enemy on his passage."

Page 369, Sec. 272.—"As to carrying of military persons in the employ of a belligerent, or being in any way engaged in his transport service, it has been most solemnly decided by the tribunals of international law, both in England and the United States of North America, that these are acts of hostility on the part of the neutral, which subject the vehicle in which the persons are conveyed to confiscation at the hands of the belligerent."

Page 370, Sec. 273.—"Official communications from an official on the affairs of a belligerent Government are such dispatches as present a hostile character on the carriers of them. The mischievous consequences of such a service cannot be estimated, and extend far beyond the effects of any contraband that can be conveyed, for it is manifest that, by the carriage of such dispatches, the most important operations of a belligerent army may be forwarded or obstructed.

"In general cases of contraband, the quantity of the article carried may be a material circumstance, but the smallest dispatch may serve to turn the fortunes of war in favor of a particular belligerent."

Sec. 274.—"The penalty is confiscation of the ship which conveys the dispatches, and of the cargo."

The principle, moreover, has been fully recognized in the public action of the English Government. Thus we find in the declaration of war by England against Russia, of the 28th of March, 1854, the following language:

"It is impossible for Her Majesty to *forego her right of seizing articles* contraband of war, and of *preventing neutrals from bearing enemies' dispatches.*"

The Proclamation of Queen Victoria, given on the 13th of May last, regarding the immediate duties of English subjects toward this country in the present difficulty, is very explicit. We quote a portion:

"And we do hereby warn all our loving subjects, and all persons whatsoever entitled to our protection, that if any of them shall presume, in contempt of this our Royal Proclamation and of our high displeasure, to do any acts in derogation of their duty as subjects of a neutral Sovereign in the said contest, or in violation or contravention of the law of nations in that behalf, as, for example, and more especially, by entering into the military service of either said contending parties as commissioned or non commissioned officers, or soldiers, or by serving as officers, sailors, or marines on board any ship or vessel of war, or transport, *or by carrying officers, soldiers, dispatches, arms, military stores, or materials, or any article or articles considered and deemed to be contraband of war, according to the law or modern usage of nations, for the use or service of either of the said contending parties, all parties so offending will incur and be liable to the several penalties and penal consequences by the said statute, or by the law of nations in that behalf imposed or denounced.*"

As to the position of our own Government upon this question, we believe there is little doubt. We have always conceded the right of a *belligerent to visit and search a neutral ship,* if it was suspected that she was carrying articles contraband of war, while in times of peace we have strenuously forbidden such privilege. The following from Chancellor KENT is sufficient on this point:

"In order to enforce the rights of belligerent nations against the delinquencies of neutrals, and to determine the real as well as the assumed character of all vessels on the high seas, *the law of nations arms them with the practical power of visitation and search.* The duty of self preservation gives to belligerent nations this right. It is founded upon necessity, and is strictly and exclusively a war right, and does not rightfully exist in time of peace, unless conceded by treaty. All writers upon the law of nations and the highest authorities acknowledge the right in time of war, as resting on sound principles of jurisprudence, and upon the institutes and practice of all great maritime powers. *And if, upon making the search, the vessel be found employed in contraband trade, or in carrying enemy's property or troops or* DISPATCHES, *she is liable to be taken and brought in for adjudication before a prize court.*"

Let us now examine a few precedents for our action. Hundreds might be furnished, but we prefer giving only those of recent occurrence, which must be familiar to our readers.

England captured LUCIEN BONAPARTE from a ship in neutral waters, bound to America. When Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN escaped from Ireland to this country, he got off in a boat and boarded a vessel coming down the Shannon from Limerick, and bound to America. The police at once gave the alarm, and a war steamer was dispatched in search of the vessel. TERENCE BELLEW MCMANUS was taken from the brig N. D. Chase, of Boston, U. S., under protest of the officers, in the harbor of Cork, Ireland, after the vessel had cleared the port, and had been lying off waiting for a favorable wind. When THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER escaped from a British penal colony, he sought refuge on board an American vessel. The vessel was boarded by English officers, and thoroughly searched, but the search was unsuccessful. Our Government did not consider its flag insulted, and demanded no redress for the "insult." Should England now demand satisfaction for the capture of MASON and SLIDELL on board of one of her steamers, it will be pertinent to inquire why she captured and destroyed the steamer Caroline during the Canadian Rebellion, and by what torturing of logic and law she now condemns the acts then committed?

The Port Royal Expedition.

LACK of space confined us in our last issue to the mere official record of this great victory over the rebels, and we now give our readers an account, from the N. Y. *Post,* of the action in detail. It will be necessary to pass over the various incidents of the voyage, with the statement that the fleet encountered a terrible hurricane on the night of Wednesday; that two steamers foundered, carrying down seven of our marines; that several were disabled, and two ran ashore upon the Southern coast. Stiding in the crowded holds of the vessels were our soldiers, through all this appalling gale, left to imagine unknown terrors in the howling storm and the buffeting waves, which seemed at each moment about to rend the trembling and groaning vessel into a thousand fragments. They bore it well, however, and the ordeal through which they were compelled that night to pass, put them to the test and showed that there were few cowards there.

THE PRELIMINARY RECONNOISSANCE.

The weather could not have been finer than on Monday. The air was soft and balmy, and from the near shore of Carolina the bright-winged butterflies came floating out to the ships to tell us frost-bitten Northerners of the summer which still lingered there. It was a day to put every man at good will with his fellow, and it was impossible to realize that we were bent on any other errand than one of friendship—that the men who clustered so thickly about the decks of these noble steamers were other than peaceful pleasure seekers—or that the lively music of the bands invited to pursuits more deadly than those of the festival and the dance. But in the clear sunlight the bustle of warlike preparation was observable on every hand. On board the transports, muskets were examined, ammunition got ready, entrenching tools unboxed, and every preparation made for landing at an instant's notice. The Vixen was already busy sending her row boats to sound the channel and mark its outlines with buoys, to guide the larger vessels when they should attempt the passage of the bar.

REBEL BRAVADO.

In the afternoon three small armed rebel steamers came down Broad River and opened fire upon our gun boats from a safe distance, the fire being briskly returned. No damage resulted on either side until the Pawnee called up and sent a rifled shot after the rebels, which is supposed to have taken effect, as two of their vessels at once paddled off, taking the third in tow, and all took care thereafter to keep well out of reach. The act was one of mere bravado, as the rebels showed no disposition to come within reach of our guns.

RESULTS OF THE RECONNOISSANCE.

During Monday, a partial reconnoissance was made by Capt. C. R. P. Rodgers and Lieut. Luce of the Wabash; and on the morning of Tuesday, the 5th, a more thorough reconnoissance of Hilton Head and Philips' Island, the southern and northern boundaries of Port Royal entrance, was made by Gen. Sherman, accompanied by all the Brigadier-Generals, except- ing Viele, and Capt. Gillmore, Chief Engineer of the expedition. The tug-boat Mercury, armed with a 30-pounder Parrott gun, conveyed the party, who left the flag-ship Wabash at 6 o'clock in the morning. The Ottawa, Seneca, Pawnee, Unadilla, Curlew and Penguin, at the same time advanced and opened fire upon three rebel gun-boats which appeared between Hilton Head and Bay Point, the southern terminus of Philips' Island. The rebel gunboats were accompanied by two apparently unarmed steamers of large size, that had been employed during the night in transporting troops to the scene of action from Savannah and Charleston, by the inland route lying between the mainland and the labyrinth of large and small islands which line the coast. As our gunboats advanced, those of the rebels retired up Beaufort river until the shore batteries on Hilton Head and Bay Point opened on our advancing line, showing their strength and position. After a sufficiently critical examination, lasting about an hour, our gunboats retired beyond the range of the batteries, to await a plan of attack based upon the information obtained by the reconnoissance.

It was soon decided that the navy should engage the Hilton Head works that afternoon, at short range, and silence them, and then cover the disembarkation of our troops by a cross fire in front of them; the batteries on the opposite side to be proceeded against in a similar manner, as soon as Hilton Head was successfully occupied. Early in the afternoon the vessels proceeded to form into the line of battle accordingly, but in moving about the channel the Wabash got aground on Fishing Rip Shoal, and the day having far advanced, it was reluctantly decided to postpone the bombardment until after the rise of the tide should have released the flag ship on the following morning.

That night every preparation was made by the troops for the action which seemed so near before them. Wills were drawn, the last letters of affection written, and every man laid down to rest uncertain whether it might not be for the last time. The Ocean Express, carrying most of the heavy ordnance and the ordnance stores for the army, was still at sea, the Baltic, having on board the regiment second in the line to land, was away in search of her, and in no hopeful spirit our Generals thought of the difficulties before them, with an enemy well armed and apparently carefully prepared at every point to oppose the landing of their troops—a work sufficiently difficult under the best circumstances. But by Wednesday morning the sea had grown rough, and the wind came up too fresh to give our sailors that complete control of their vessels which they asked. Commodore Dupont had measured the work before him, and was not disposed to move hastily, though the impatient army were little inclined to brook delay, and with ill-suppressed impatience watched the bustle of preparation on the shore, and observing with impatience the movements of the little rebel fleet, under command of Commodore Tatnall, which persisted in keeping just beyond our reach.

THE BATTLE.

The weather grew more promising toward the close of Wednesday, and that afternoon the transports weighed anchor and stood further up the channel until within less than four miles of the rebel batteries and perhaps a mile below the war vessels lying between them and the shore. That evening another conference was held on board the Wabash and between the Commodore and Brigadier-Generals, at which it was decided that, the weather favoring, the attack should be made on the following morning as soon as the tide began to flow. The sun went down gloriously that afternoon and rose again upon a day as bright and beautiful as the most anxious could have asked. Not a cloud was in the sky, and the sea lay as calm and quiet as though no storm had ever disturbed its surface, and it had forgotten the wild freak in which it played such mischief with our fleet.

Early on that day, the morning of Thursday, Nov. 7, 1861, our vessels prepared for action, and after steaming about for some time in obedience to the signals of the Commodore, were arranged in the order of battle, forming two close columns as follows:

Main Line.	*Flanking Line.*
Wabash, 60 guns,	Bienville,
Susquehannah,	Penguin,
Mohican,	Augusta,
Seminole,	Curlew,
Pawnee,	Seneca,
Unadilla,	R. B. Forbes,
Ottawa,	Pocahontas,
Pembina,	Mercury.
Isaac Smith.	

The Pocahontas did not come into the action until some time after it commenced, having just arrived, and the Mercury, though placed in the flanking column, had no fixed position, being, in obedience to her name, the messenger for the flag ship. The Sabine, Savannah, and Vandalia, which were to have been added to the fleet, were not called for, so that the attacking fleet was less by nearly a hundred guns than the force which was available in case of need. But it was sufficient.

ATTACK UPON THE REBEL BATTERIES.

Sweeping up the channel, within eight hundred yards of Fort Beauregard on the right, the two lines delivered their fire from their starboard guns against the batteries on that side as they passed by, and then continuing up the channel, came down on the other side, delivering their fire at Fort Walker on Hilton Head, meanwhile keeping their port guns at work as they could bring them to bear. The fire was returned from the rebel batteries with the utmost spirit, but during the first round, which occupied about an hour, no one was killed on any of our vessels. For the second time, and again for the third, the fleet swept past the forts, delivering the fire with more certain aim, and a more and more deadly effect; most of the attention being given to Fort Walker, which was the point of attack; the batteries on the opposite side being engaged only so far as was necessary to occupy their attention, and keep our guns fully employed. On the third round, in obedience to an order from Captain Steedman of the Bienville, who led the flanking column, five vessels, instead of continuing on the line, ran up into the bight of the channel, and took a position to enfilade the batteries of Fort Walker, which was done with terrible effect. For four hours the storm of iron missiles was poured down upon these devoted forts, and the shells from our guns could be seen bursting with terrible effect in and around the rebel batteries, especially that on Hilton Head.

Now one shot would strike the sand of the flat shore, sending a yellow cloud of dust shooting into the air; then another would strike far inland, disappearing in the woods which ran across the island; and every moment or two one could be seen to fall plump into the fort, perhaps dismounting a gun and sending human forms flying in horrible fragments about the sand and sod. Occasionally, one falling short, would strike the water, sending a sharp jet spouting into the air. Meanwhile the rebels kept up a brisk discharge of shell and hot shot against the fleet, sending their missiles in every direction about the vessels, now and again one striking plump against the mark at which it was directed, but more whistling through the rigging and falling far beyond, or striking out of line and sending the water hissing into the air as they plunged to the bottom. There was no flinching among our brave sailors; every man stood bravely and coolly to his work, in spite of the deadly shower flying about them.

THE FORTS SILENCED.

For four hours the fight continued, and faster and surer fell our shell among the enemy, dismounting their guns, destroying their works and striking terror into their ranks. Three times the fleet swept by the fort and still the rebels stood to their guns, hoping each moment to burn, sink or disable our vessels; but, with the exception of the Penguin, which received a shot in her steam-chest, not one had yet been put beyond control, and even the Penguin was able to continue in the action, under tow of another vessel. At length, flesh and blood could stand no more, and when, for the fourth time that terrible line of batteries came sweeping down past Hilton Head, *every vessel still in action,* every gun yet at work, sending its deadly summons to surrender at the fort—*the fire ceased, and soon the secession flag disappeared from the staff where it had waved,* and when, a few minutes later, Capt. John Rodgers went ashore with a flag of truce, but a single man was found at the fort, the remainder of the garrison having fled with the utmost precipitation.

THE STARS AND STRIPES HOISTED OVER THE FORTS.

The Stars and Stripes were at once hoisted on a high building which had been a prominent object during the engagement, and the place was taken possession of in the name of the United States. In spite of the cheers with which the brave tars greeted the symbol of victory, it was a little time before those upon the transports could persuade themselves that it was really the true "red, white and blue" which they saw planted on the shores of South Carolina, within twenty-five miles of the spot where it first gave place to the symbol of treason and rebellion.

The firing ceased at two, and at three o'clock the American flag was hoisted on the shore, and Fort Walker was in our possession. We expected another fight at Fort Beauregard, to which we had not yet directed attention, but the surrender of their neighbor seemed to have satisfied the defenders of the opposite point that they, too, were vulnerable, for their firing soon closed and their flag came down to give place a little later to the one which had a rightful position there.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The scene at Fort Walker, which met those who first landed, bore terrible witness to the deadly effect of our fire. Six of the best guns on the water side of the fort were either dismounted or otherwise put *hors du combat,* some of the dismounted guns having their carriages completely shattered, as though a shell had burst in their midst. Many of them were covered with the remains of the poor fellows who had worked them, and the yet warm blood besmeared the platforms of the guns and lay in thick pools and dark stains upon the sand and the green sward of the parapet, and the dust of the more sheltered ditch. Clots of human hair and bits of torn flesh were lying here and there, and abundant tokens were found on every hand that this time war had done well and thoroughly its bloody work. Captain Steedman, of the Bienville, took charge of the dead, and saw them buried tenderly upon the spot where they had fought bravely, but unwisely. Many of them were Germans, who seemed to have done most of the work at the guns; the fort being occupied by a company of five hundred German artillery.

INDICATION OF THE ENEMY'S PRECIPITATE RETREAT.

As soon as possible a force of seventy marines and fifty sailors were landed on Hilton Head, sentinels thrown out, and every precaution taken against surprise. But it was needless. The enemy were only too glad to avoid encounter, and everything indicated the haste with which they had fled from before the terrific fire of our batteries. Tents, arms and personal property of every description was abandoned, and even those articles least likely to be left were forgotten in the uncontrollable panic which seems to have overcome the chivalry. Gold watches and jewelry of every description were found lying where their owners last laid them, and even money was left untouched, one package of $1,500 in gold and Confederate bills being found together, a lot of $600 in another place, and various smaller sums to a considerable amount. Knapsacks, guns, pistols, swords and other weapons, army stores of all kinds, and a variety of private goods and chattels forbidding enumeration were among the articles which fell into our possession, and were many of them carried off by the marines and soldiers as the legitimate spoils of war.

LANDING OF THE TROOPS.

As soon as the post was fairly in our possession, information was brought to Gen. Wright, and in accordance with the arrangements of the army, his brigade at once commenced to land, still uncertain whether the enemy might not yet remain in force further back upon the island. The Seventh Connecticut regiment was the first to land, immediately followed by the Fourth New Hampshire, and during all that night the men were hurried to the shore until the island was secured by a force sufficient to repel any attack. Pickets were thrown out, the fort occupied in strength, and preparations made for any emergency, though the darkness of the night forbade pursuit of the enemy.

RECONNOISSANCE OF HILTON HEAD ISLAND.

The next morning Bay Point was occupied by a force of marines and a portion of General Sherman's command, the Seventy-ninth N. Y. regiment landing first. At as early an hour as possible, a reconnoissance of Hilton Head Island was made in force by Captain Q. A. Gillmore of the Engineers, escorted by the Seventh Connecticut regiment, Colonel Terry, nine hundred strong. The object was to penetrate to the western shore of the island and establish on Skull Creek (which should be termed a river from its depth,) batteries to close the inland navigation between Savannah and Charleston, by the various creeks and bayous with which the coast is there indented. As this reconnoissance was the first advance into the island, it was made with great caution, the main body of the escort being preceded by a thick line of skirmishers. Capt. Gillmore advanced as far as Seabrook, the nearest point on Skull Creek, six miles from Fort Walker; finding all along the way further evidence that the enemy had retreated in a panic more terrible than that of Bull Run, but differing from that principally in the fact that the running was this time all on one side. On the road to Seabrook, knapsacks, blankets, canteens, knives, guns, pistols, and soldiers' equipments of all kinds were found. On the wharf, at Seabrook, were found rifled muskets, bayonets, and a large quantity of knapsacks, &c., besides a valuable assortment of commissary supplies, such as bacon, rice, flour, hard bread, corn, vinegar, &c., amounting to about fifteen large wagon loads.

REBEL LOSSES AND OUR OWN.

The number of rebels killed in the engagement it was impossible to ascertain with any precision, though it is supposed to have amounted to one or two hundred, with an equal number wounded. The wounded were carried off, with the exception of the few who seemed for some reason to have been forgotten. Our own loss was eight killed, six badly wounded, and seventeen slightly. The loss was slight, considering the character of the engagement, and the well directed fire to which our vessels were exposed from some of the rebel guns. The one which gave our fleet the most annoyance was a heavy rifled 80-pounder at Bay Point, which was served most admirably, doubtless by some experienced army officer, who directed his shot, to a large extent, at the flag ship, and was evidently disposed to have his shot make the acquaintance of some of our officers, as one of them passed over the bridge, where Commodore Dupont and others were standing, in an uncomfortable proximity to their heads. When Bay Point was taken possession of, this gun was found burst into several fragments, perhaps by design, to prevent it from falling into our hands.

DAMAGE TO THE FLEET.

The safety of our vessels was in the determined courage which led them to take a position so close under the shore batteries that their shot flew completely overhead or among the rigging, instead of striking the hull. In spite of this, however, the Wabash received thirty-four shots of all kinds, the Pawnee nine in the hull alone, and the Mohican was nearly as badly cut. The Penguin had a steam chest destroyed, and was obliged to be taken in tow.

BEAUFORT DESERTED.

While our troops were busy on shore, on Friday, the 8th, the gun-boats Curlew, Seneca, and Pembina, were sent up the river on a reconnoissance, penetrating as far as Beaufort without opposition, and returning before night to report that place deserted by every white person, excepting one man who was too drunk to go.

THE REBEL FORTS AND GENERAL.

The fortifications at Hilton Head and Bay Point were commenced as early as last July, and since that time the 9th South Carolina Volunteers, Col. Heyward, and the 12th, Col. Elliott, have been stationed there. These troops were under the command of Brig.-Gen. Thomas F. Drayton, whose residence is upon Hilton Head Island, and who was present during the bombardment. Gen. Drayton is said to be an accomplished soldier, having had the benefit of a West Point education, and a singular circumstance of the battle was the fact that his brother, Percival Drayton, commander of the United States war steamer Pocahontas, was arrayed against him.

Army officers say that the work at Hilton Head is the finest of its kind ever erected in this country. It was nearly completed, and in a very brief time may be made perfectly secure as a defensive position against any approach from the land side, from which direction only is there any possibility of attack. The shape of the fort is angular, and it occupies between three and four acres of ground.—Around the exterior is a deep ditch in which pickets are planted on the land side; and two carbonnieres, built of palmetto logs, having loop-holes for sharpshooters, protect the approaches on the sea-coast from a storming party.

There were twenty-one guns in position, with good carriages and working implements. Most of the guns are of a superior character, manufactured in England, and addressed in white paint:—"Gen. Beauregard, Charleston, S. C., in haste." Among them was a peculiar rifled gun, with projectiles to match, which was entirely new to all our officers.

The interior of the fort bears evidence of skill and careful construction. There were numerous traverses across it to protect the garrison from shell explosions, and the three magazines were abundantly supplied with ammunition. Covered passage ways, about fifty feet long, led to the carbonnieres, and several wells dug in them and at other points within the fort, supply the garrison with water. The ammunition of the rebels was equally as good as our own, every ounce being of English manufacture. Their cartridges were well put up, and their friction tubes were recognized as the production of a well-known New York house. Many muskets, bayonets, cartridge boxes, &c., were also found. The tents in the encampment to the left of the fort were all floored, and sentry-boxes scattered on the confines of the camp showed that the guards, in case of storm, had a place of refuge, and were protected also from the chill night air. Indeed, everywhere it was apparent that the rebels had done what they could to lessen the hardships of a soldier's life.

The works at Bay Point are scarcely inferior to those at Hilton Head. There were 14 guns abandoned at this place, only one of which was spiked. On the water front 32-pounder guns and columbiads were mounted. To the right of the principal redoubt, or main battery, is another of three guns; and on the seacoast side, at a distance of about a mile and a half from the Point, was still another fortification, mounting four 6-pounder Parrot guns and carriages, one 24-pounder siege howitzer and carriage, and one 24-pounder siege gun, which was spiked. As at Hilton Head, there was plenty of ammunition, which fell into our hands, and an additional prize in an immense quantity of rice and other commissary stores. The rebels had named their works at Bay Point in honor of Beauregard.

Sketches of Gen. Sherman and his Staff.

IN connection with our account of the capture of Beaufort, the landing of Union forces, etc., etc., we doubt not that the following brief sketches from the N. Y. *Tribune,* of Gen. SHERMAN and Staff, will possess unusual interest:

Brigadier General T. W. SHERMAN, commanding the land forces of the expedition, entered the military service from Rhode Island, and graduated in 1836, 18th in his class. He was appointed second lieutenant in the 3d artillery July 1, 1836; assistant commissary of subsistence in March, 1837; first lieutenant of artillery in March, 1838; captain in May, 1846; and brevet major in May, 1848, for "gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Buena Vista," on the 23d of February, 1847. *Gardner's Military Dictionary* says that he was distinguished by his prudence and firmness in preventing a war with certain of the Sioux Indians, 1857. He has for years been in command of the light artillery well known as Sherman's battery, and has always stood well in the estimation of the army for his skill and attainments as an artillerist. On the breaking out of the rebellion, when the new regiments were authorized to be added to the army, he was appointed a lieutenant colonel of the fifth artillery. His was among the first appointments of brigadier generals of volunteers, and soon after the battle of Bull Run he was assigned to the important duty of organizing the land forces of the present expedition, and established his camp of instruction at Hempstead, L. I. His entire force was transferred to Washington some weeks since, in consequence of an anticipated advance of the rebels. This accounts for no troops having embarked at Annapolis.

Capt. H. Pelouze, Gen. Sherman's assistant adjutant general, entered the Military academy from Pennsylvania in 1849, and was graduated and promoted to be second lieutenant in the fourth artillery in July, 1853. He was appointed first lieutenant in May, 1856, regimental adjutant in December, 1857, and captain in May, 1861. He joined Gen. Sherman's command as chief adjutant, at Annapolis, a few days before the embarkation at that place.

Capt. Rufus Saxton, chief quartermaster of the command, graduated at the Military Academy in 1849, and was then promoted to be brevet second lieutenant in the third artillery. He was promoted to the fourth artillery in 1850, where he served till made a captain in the quartermaster's department on the 13th of May last. He was instructor of artillery in the Military Academy in 1859 and 1860, and was on Gen. Lyon's staff in Missouri from February until June of 1861. He was then ordered to General McClellan, and served with him as chief quartermaster through the campaign in Western Virginia. Capt. Saxton has also served and rendered efficient service as assistant in the coast survey. He was assigned to his present position when the organization of the expedition was first projected, at Hempstead, L. I., and has had entire charge of the purchasing of all quartermaster's supplies, and providing transportation of the material of the army of this expedition, laboring incessantly to bring it to its present state of efficiency.

Capt. Quincy A. Gillmore, chief engineer of the command, is from Ohio. He entered the Military Academy in 1845, graduating at the head of his class, a large one, in 1849. He was then breveted second lieutenant of engineers, was promoted to a first lieutenant of engineers in 1856, and to a captaincy in 1851. Capt. Gillmore served as assistant engineer on the fortification in Hampton Roads, Virginia, from 1843 to 1852; as assistant instructor of practical military engineering at the Military Academy, from 1862 to 1856—during the last year of which he was also quartermaster and commissary of the Academy. On December, 1856, Capt. Gillmore relieved Maj. George Dallan, of the engineers, of his duties as commercial and purchasing agent for the engineer's department in New York city, in which capacity he served until assigned to his present position. Capt. Gillmore has with him Lieuts. Tarday and O'Rourke, of the engineer corps, and a detachment from a company of sappers and miners, recently from Fort Pickens, and is also well supplied with the material and implements necessary in the construction of field works both offensive and defensive, and for carrying on the operations of a siege.

Capt. Wm. R. Morgan, commissioner of subsistence, and chief of commissary of the command, was appointed a cadet in 1850 from Louisiana, graduated, and was appointed second lieutenant in the 3d artillery, July 1, 1859, and was promoted to a first lieutenancy in 1860; was appointed a captain in the 11th infantry May 4, 1861, but declined, and was appointed a captain and commissary of subsistence Aug. 3, 1861. Capt. Morgan was distinguished in several conflicts with the Indians in Washington Territory in 1856. Under his control the commissary department of the command has been placed in a very efficient condition. Being from the extreme South, Capt. Morgan deserves great credit for his loyalty at a time when treason among the Southern officers of the army was the rule rather than the exception.

First lieutenant Francis J. Shunk, chief of ordnance of the command, is from Pennsylvania. He entered the Military Academy in 1849 and graduated, fifth of his class, in 1853; was then brevetted second lieutenant of ordnance, and promoted to a first lieutenancy in 1856; was acting assistant professor of chemistry at the Military Academy from 1855 to 1857, and in 1856 joined Gen. Albert J. Johnson's Utah expedition at Camp Floyd, as chief of ordnance, in which capacity he served till 1860. He has recently served in the Washington Arsenal, from which place he joined Gen. Sherman's command at Annapolis. He has with him Lieut. Porter, of the ordnance corps.

Lieut. J. H. Wilson, chief topographical engineer of the command, graduated at the Military Academy, fifth in his class, in 1860, and was then appointed second lieutenant of topographical engineers. He is from Illinois, and joined Gen. Sherman's command a few days before it embarked at Annapolis.

Department of Missouri.

General Hunter relinquished the command of this Department on the 19th inst., and General Halleck immediately assumed the same. General Halleck has issued orders that, in consequence of important information respecting the number and condition of our forces being conveyed to the enemy by fugitive slaves, no such persons shall hereafter be permitted to enter the lines of any camp or any forces on the march, and any now within such lines are to be immediately excluded therefrom. The General also calls the particular attention of all the officers commanding posts, or troops in the field, to the importance of preventing unauthorized persons of every description from entering or leaving our lines, and of observing the greatest precaution in the employment of agents and clerks in confidential positions. The General also directs all staff officers of this Department whose staff duties have ceased under the recent special order from Washington, but who still hold commissions in the regular army, or volunteers mustered into the service of the United States, to immediately report in person if in St. Louis, or by letter if elsewhere, to his headquarters.

Advices from the South-West, received on the 21st inst., are to the effect that Price has abandoned his position at Cassville, and is moving toward his old camp at Neosho. About 4,000 of his army, under Gen. Harris, were on the Kansas line, directly west of Carthage, with the evident intention of entering that State and scourging its southern counties. Harris' force was principally cavalry and Indians. Gen. Lane is in that vicinity with about 3,000 infantry, and it is not improbable that an engagement will take place between his and Harris' forces.

The rebel State Legislature, in session at Neosho, had passed the ordinance of secession and united the State with the C. S. A., and elected Gen. Raines one of the Senators to the rebel Congress. It was thought Gen. Parsons would be the other Senator. It was said that Gen. Frost, of Camp Jackson notoriety, would take the command of Gen. Raines' division of the rebel army.

The old terror has settled down upon the counties of the South-West, since the retrograde movement of our army, and refugees are beginning to arrive again, driven from the fear of being taken prisoners by the rebels, who are reported to be again advancing.

Mr. Crewelly, of the State Convention, arrived in Jefferson City on the 19th inst., from Springfield, which place he left the Friday previous. He says a body of 3,000 of Price's cavalry have made their appearance at Sarcoxie, and that foraging parties follow up the track of our receding army, plundering Unionists and renewing, with impunity, every species of outrage. He passed a train of emigrant wagons a mile long, containing Union refugees.

The President has appointed Capt. N. H. Foote Flag-Officer of the fleet in the Western military Department. He thus ranks with the Major-General. This arrangement will prevent any possible conflict between the commanders respectively of land and water forces.

A train of eighty wagons, with an escort of 200 men, left Sedalia a few days ago for Leavenworth, but they were attacked near Knob Noster on the 19th inst. by 600 rebels, and the train captured. On the 20th our cavalry, under Major Hough, attacked the rebels, recaptured the train, and took about 150 prisoners.

Passengers by the train from the west, to Jefferson City on the 21st, report that the rebels burnt Warsaw the night before last, to prevent it being used as winter quarters for our troops. The intelligence reached Syracuse just before the train arrived, and is considered reliable. A quantity of Government stores was destroyed.

The gunboat Conestoga went on an exploring expedition up the Tennessee river on the 19th inst., and discovered a rebel battery near the Tennessee line. She threw one shell, which drove out the rebels by which it was manned. Still further up another battery was discovered and engaged. The rebels were again routed, with a number killed. The Conestoga was but slightly damaged in the encounter.

The Memphis *Appeal* of the 14th acknowledges the rebel loss at Belmont to be 625 killed, wounded and missing, and reports the Federal loss at 1,000.

We glean the following items of interest from the telegraph of the 25th inst. McCulloch, with a large force, is encamped between Springfield and Lebanon, and his pickets were extended last night over a space of fifteen miles this side of Lebanon. It was rumored in camp last night that the advance of the rebels, 18,000 strong, was at the Gasconade.

The burning of the principal part of the town of Warsaw is confirmed by gentlemen who arrived in St. Louis. The main business part of the town, consisting of one large block and several smaller ones, was in flames when the gentlemen left. The town being scattered, it was thought nearly all the residences escaped. The Quartermaster and Commissary Departments were located in the large block, but the greater part of the Government stores were removed. It is supposed to have been the work of the secessionists. The troops which were there at the time were on the march to Sedalia, and left the morning following. The fire occurred on Thursday.

Later intelligence states that all the business portion of the town is in ashes. The troops left about 8 A. M., and are now in St. Louis. A portion of the commissary stores, for which we had no transportation, were burned by order of the commanding officer. It is thought by the commanding officer that the town was fired by the citizens, as a man dressed in citizen clothes was seen coming from a building in which the fire commenced.

Gen. Halleck has issued lengthy general orders, making the entire affairs of this Department conform strictly with the army regulations, and reducing everything to a complete and easily understood system.

Department of Kansas.

The appointment of Major-General Hunter to this command has given great satisfaction to the people of Kansas.

A party of Col. Jennison's men who left Kansas City on Saturday the 16th inst., for Pleasant Hill, succeeded in recapturing twenty-two of the wagons and two hundred of the oxen belonging to the government, reported to have been burned by the rebels of that place. The rebel force is 1200 men, posted three miles from Pleasant Hill, and will be attacked to-night.

Captain Blanchard, with 240 men of Jennison's regiment, attacked Capt. Hayes, with 150 men, at his place of residence, on the 20th inst., and succeeded in driving them away, and in burning Hayes' house, and the house of a man named Gregg, both captains in the rebel army. Capt. Burchard and Lieut. Bostwick were slightly wounded, and two horses killed. The rebels had 60 killed and wounded.

The steamer Sunshine has arrived at Leavenworth city from St. Louis. A lot of commissary stores and government wagons, destined for Fort Leavenworth, were taken at Waverly, Mo., by a gang of rebels under the command of Joe Shelby.

Department of the East.

It is not believed at headquarters that any considerable number of troops have been withdrawn from the rebel army opposite Washington, in consequence of the invasion of South Carolina. Beauregard has not gone to Charleston as has been reported. The rumor, however, which imputes to him an inclination to resign unless a more vigorous policy be adopted in the conduct of the war, has been confirmed.

The grand review of the federal army, on the 20th inst., was witnessed by from 20,000 to 30,000 spectators. As no passes were required, it was free to every one who could procure a conveyance or who chose to walk — the distance being about eight miles by the route which they were obliged to take. The roads were guarded the entire distance, so that civilians, without a written permission, could not diverge from the prescribed limits of travel. Just previous to the review, a salute was fired from fifteen batteries of artillery. The Divisions, seven in number, when in position, occupied four miles, a dense body of all arms of service. Gen. McClellan and staff, in company with the President and Secretary Seward, all on horseback, rode rapidly along the line, meeting with continuous and enthusiastic cheers from the soldiers. The divisions passed in review to 1½ o'clock. They moved in the following order, closed by Massachusetts:—Gen. McCall's division, twelve regiments of infantry, two batteries, and one regiment of cavalry. Gen. Heintzelman's division of seven regiments of infantry, two batteries, and one regiment of cavalry. Gen. Smith's division of ten regiments of infantry, two batteries and one regiment of cavalry. Gen. Franklin's division of twelve regiments of infantry, three batteries and one regiment of cavalry. Gen. Blenker's division of eleven regiments of infantry, two batteries and Pickett's regiment of mounted riflemen. Gen. Fitz John Porter's division of thirteen regiments of infantry, three batteries and two regiments of cavalry. Gen. McDowell's division of eleven regiments of infantry, three batteries, and one regiment of cavalry. Making a total of seventy-six regiments of infantry, seventeen batteries and seven regiments of cavalry, perhaps in all about 70,000 men, forming only a portion of the army of the Potomac.

The time occupied in passing was three hours and a half. This was the largest body of troops ever reviewed on this continent. They were all fully equipped and in every way supplied, with forty rounds of cartridges. Each division was accompanied by ambulances so, that every branch of the service might be represented. The general appearance and movements of the troops elicited the highest commendations from all observers.

We have reliable information that when the news of the capture of Port Royal reached the Confederate camp at Manassas, three South Carolina regiments demanded permission and declared their intention to return at once to the protection of their own State. Orders were issued from headquarters to prevent their departure at all hazards. The doctrine of State sovereignty and the right of secession does not seem to find as much favor with the Confederate authorities as it did at the outset of the rebellion.

Gen. Dix received dispatches on the 22d, advising him that the disorganization of the rebel forces was general in the peninsular. Capt. Richards' cavalry had been dispatched before the messenger left, to take possession of six brass cannon, known to be near the town of Olney, on Onancock Inlet, Gov. Wise's old residence, and had no doubt done so. Col. Smith, commander of the rebel forces, and some of his officers were trying to escape from the lower extremity, but flag officer Goldsboro has put the whole shore under surveillance, and it is believed that they will all be captured if they do not surrender.

On the way up the Pocomoke, a boat was sent ashore with Gen. Dix's proclamation. It was read to a large number of Virginians in a farm house, who declared it entirely satisfactory and claimed protection of the Government from secessionists, who are forcing them into the rebel ranks against their will.

Later dispatches received in Baltimore, from the eastern shore of Virginia, bring the gratifying intelligence that the secessionists of Northampton county, to the number of 1,800, have laid down their arms and the Federal troops have now full possession of that county as well as Accomac. As the expedition advanced, rebel flags disappeared, and the Unionists hoisted their flags which had hitherto been concealed. The proclamation of Gen. Dix had been scattered through the country, and when received in camp where Unionists had been drafted and forced into service, they rebelled and the commanders were compelled to disband the whole force. The rebels said the force coming against them was so great that they thought it folly to resist, and the Unionists met them with hearty cheers and the greatest enthusiasm. As far as the expedition had progressed, there was every evidence that the people were opposed to secession, and the troops were hailed as deliverers from tyranny and oppression. The people are suffering for many of the necessaries of life, and were rejoicing at the prospect of restoration of trade and commerce with Philadelphia, on which they depended for livelihood. The information received from Northampton county, narrates the belief that the rebels will all disband. They have destroyed bridges and felled trees across the roads, but the proclamation has given boldness to the Unionists and satisfaction to the people generally. All disloyalists will be disarmed. The Union men who had fled into Maryland, to prevent being forced into the militia, are returning to their homes.

The soldiers at Beaufort, and the slaves on the island, will soon be picking the ungathered cotton, the former under an order from the War Department and the latter upon the impulse of wages, directed to be paid to them by Gen. Sherman. It is also probable that the cultivation of the sea island for the next crop of cotton will be contracted for with some responsible Yankee who will be required to employ the slaves abandoned by their masters upon the several plantations. There is sufficient cotton on Pope Island, uninjured, to make 3,000 bales; and corn-houses are filled to the top — say 10,000 bushels in the ear.

Advices from Port Royal, per Atlantic, say the position of our troops is now considered safe. Extensive works are rapidly progressing and guns being mounted, and entrenchments extended to Seabrook, about five miles from the fort on Hilton Head, and are under the supervision of Capt. Gillmore.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, of the 16th, publishes the correspondence between the Secretary of War and Gen. Winder, telling the latter to make a choice of Federal prisoners as hostages for the C. S. privateers. As hostage for Smith, condemned at Philadelphia, this lot fell on Col. Corcoran, who was ordered into close confinement in a felon's cell. The other hostages are Cols. Lee, Coggswell, Wilcox, and Wood; Lieut. Cols. Brown and Neff; Majors Potter, Revere, Vodges; and Capts. Richland, Johnson and Joffer.

Gen. Wise is convalescent.

A letter from on board the gunboat R. R. Cuyler, off Ship Island, has been received. At the date of writing, the 14th inst., there were in New Orleans some 5,000 rebel troops, all very well armed, but poorly clad, and an order had been recently issued compelling every man capable of bearing arms to belong to some military organization. The city had been environed by defences on every side excepting in the rear, upon which the rebels appear to apprehend no attack, but which in fact can be easily assailed by a well-appointed force. The land on that side is swampy, and the city is unapproachable except by the shell road and the railroad, yet it is believed that a force of ten thousand resolute men could overcome all difficulties, and capture the city in fifteen hours after leaving the deep waters of Lake Borgne. The only fortification in the way is the old fort at the main passage, between Lake Borgne and Ponchartrain, which is represented to be in a very dilapidated condition and poorly provided with guns and men. Once in possession of the city, our forces could hold it against all assailants, and would doubtless have the assistance of thousands of its citizens, who love the old Union, and who are waiting with patience for an opportunity to strike a blow at the power which now oppresses them.

The telegraph this (Monday) morning furnishes the following interesting items of news:

It is now definitely ascertained in military circles hereabouts, that Beauregard recently tendered his resignation as a General of the Confederate army in consequence of his differences with Jeff. Davis as to the conduct of the war. Violent parties have sprung up among the Confederates on this question. Beauregard represents the offensive war party, who believe in invading the North and wintering in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and Jeff. Davis represents the defensive war party, who trust to time and the patient defence of their own soil to give them independence. The Beauregard party complain that the policy of Davis has led to the invasion of South Carolina, and will fill the cotton States with the horrors of war and end in their destruction. It is believed that Davis has succumbed to their war policy to prevent South Carolina and Georgia from seceding from the Southern Confederacy. Gen. Beauregard was induced to withdraw his resignation.

Six thousand stand of French rifled muskets arrived on the 23d inst., and are already distributed among our troops by Col. Kingsbury, the ordnance officer of Gen. McClellan's staff.

Several regiments have arrived at Fortress Monroe from Baltimore and Annapolis, during the last twenty-four hours, and Old Point has assumed an unusually bustling appearance. Formidable preparations are being made for active operations, the theater of which has not yet been disclosed. The ferry boats in the roads are being heavily armed.

The gunboats Cambridge and Heitzel proceeded up the York River some distance and have opened a hot fire of shells on the rebel camp at Warwick. The attack apparently was unexpected, as only a little resistance was made. Between forty and fifty shells were fired, and the rebel camp was entirely demolished. It is the supposition that a large number of rebels were killed. Gen. Mansfield has assumed the command at Newport News in place of Gen. Phelps. Col. Weber was at Camp Hamilton.

Gen. Havelock has been appointed Inspector of Cavalry, an office which he filled in the British army.

The prize barque Prometheus has arrived from Galveston, captured by the U. S. sloop-of-war Santee, off Matamoras. She has on board the crew of the schooner Maggie Mitchell, taken by a U. S. steamer off South Carolina, now assisting as a tender.

Affairs at Washington.

Advices received by the government from Great Britain represent that though much soreness of feeling exists towards the United States, yet there was a manifest feeling of aversion to a war, and that the sentiment in favor of maintaining a strict neutrality was daily strengthening.

Advices from France indicate that the feeling on the part of that government towards the United States was more cordial than ever.

The government has no evidence of any rebel privateer steamer being on the seas except the Sumter, and she is endeavoring to elude capture.

Much speculation continues to be indulged in relative to the Mason and Slidell question. So far as can be ascertained the Minister of Her Britannic Majesty's Government has taken no action whatever upon the subject, but will probably await instructions; nor has there been even an informal conversation between him and the proper department concerning it. Those who are acquainted with Lord Lyons, believe that in this, as in other matters, he has observed his usual discretion in refraining from premature expressions of opinion.

Tenders of troops continue to be made to the War Department, and it is probable that before the meeting of Congress the 500,000 authorized to be accepted will be supplied. Offers of additional regiments of cavalry are declined, owing to a sufficiency of that branch of the army.

The War Department will soon issue a circular addressed to the Governors of the loyal States, requesting the withdrawal of their agents for the purchase of arms, both at home and abroad, as the Government has received advices to the effect that a sufficiency of arms will be received through its own agency to meet the demands which may from time to time arise. This arrangement will very much facilitate the speedy delivery of arms, and remove temptations to speculators to withhold for better contract prices at the expense of the government.

The papers in the case of Gen. Fremont have for some days been in the hands of Major Lee, Judge-Advocate of the Army, who, on the 21st inst., made his report to Gen. McClellan. Accompanying the report were charges substantially the same as those preferred by Col. Blair.

A new punishment of Virginia is at hand. Congress will probably be called on to recognize the territorial boundaries of Delaware so as to give the little State all the land between the Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware river, and to change the boundaries of Maryland so as to give her all the eastern counties of Virginia, and leave to the State of Virginia, as organized by the Convention at Wheeling, the territory between the Blue Ridge and Ohio.

Private but trustworthy advices from Europe in relation to Mexican affairs, have been received. Spain, and the Spanish party in Mexico, have resolved to impose a King upon that country at the point of the bayonet. Of three Princes, Montpensier was the favorite. Whether England or France have acceded to this is doubtful.

Soon after the announcement had been made of the contemplated intervention of England, France and Spain in Mexican affairs, our government dispatched a man-of-war, commanded by an experienced officer, to the Gulf, to look after our interests there. Another vessel was also dispatched as far up the coast as Tampico, with a view to prevent the transit of passengers from the rebel government across the country, and also to prevent the shipment of cotton and other valuables from the rebel States. This wise precaution, it is said, has resulted favorably, and suddenly put a stop to the extensive traffic which was about to be inaugurated. It will also be remembered that at about the same time, Secretary Seward sent a respectful communication to England, France, and Spain, respecting the alleged intervention of these governments in the affairs of Mexico, but up to the last advices from Europe, no satisfactory answer has been received by our government. They appear to be quibbling upon this matter, and seem rather disinclined to state their objects and designs. Our government is, however, keeping a most vigilant watch, and will not permit this formidable European combination any advances or aggressions on this continent.

Commodore Dupont has sent to the Navy Department the original South Carolina Ordinance of Secession, beautifully engrossed upon parchment, with the autographs of the South Carolina seceders, headed by Gen. Jameson. The photographs of all the members were also found at Beaufort with the Ordinance, and a large number of other important documents.

An expedition sailed for the Southern coast on the 20th inst., that will be as effective as any yet sent in that direction. A fleet of old whalers, some fifty in number, have been purchased by the government at a small cost, loaded with stone, and are to be used in effectually sealing up some of the rebel ports on the Southern coast. They are arranged, we hear, to "sink quick."

The Navy Department make no concealment of the fact that dispatches are expected daily from the Gulf with an account of the opening of the guns of Fort Pickens upon the rebel batteries. Colonel Brown has repeatedly written for orders allowing him to blow Bragg and his batteries off the opposite shore. He has been chafing like a hound in the leash, and according to all accounts his desire for action has been gratified.

The Department has established a Post Office at Port Royal, to be called by that name, and has sent out a blank commission to Gen. Sherman, to be filled up with the name of a suitable person, who will give the required bonds. Letters designed for Port Royal should be sent to the New York Post Office. The Navy Department has instructed the Commander of the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, to inform the Postmaster of the departure of vessels for Port Royal in time to dispatch mails. In the course of a week, probably, the Treasury Department will take definite action in regard to custom regulations at Port Royal.

Mr. Savage, our Consul at Havana, who had been to Key West on business, and returned on the 16th inst., reports that 1,500 rebel troops were discovered by the Union patrol some twenty miles from Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island.

The patrol immediately informed the Commodore of the Fleet, who sent a force and shelled them off the island with great loss. It is supposed the object was to get together some 5,000 or more rebels, and with a forced march to Col. Wilson's camp, make another night attack upon them.

By a letter from Hatteras Inlet, of the 18th, received in Washington, we learn that North Carolina, by a convention of delegates representing forty-five counties, has passed measures for a Provisional Government, and has entirely repudiated the secession act of the State, and reaffirmed her loyalty and devotion to the Constitution of the United States. There are eighty-six counties in the State. The convention met at Hatteras. The act passed contained several sections, the substance of which is:

The first declares vacant all the offices of the State.

The second names Marble Nash Taylor as Provisional Governor.

The third adopts the Constitution of the State with the statutes and laws contained in the revised code of 1856.

The fourth repudiates the ordinance of secession passed at Raleigh, on the 20th of May, together with all other acts adopted.

The fifth directs the Provisional Governor to order a special election for Members of Congress.

The sixth gives the Governor authority to make temporary appointments to official vacancies.

The Convention then adjourned, subject to the call of the President. Governor Taylor has issued his proclamation for an election in the second Congressional District, to be held on Wednesday the 27th.

A letter from Charleston, Oct. 3, via Havana, to a gentleman in England, and thence sent to Washington, was received on the 21st inst. The writer represents the condition of affairs as deplorable. Business prostrate, provisions at starvation prices, and no prospects for the better.

A few weeks ago the Secretary of War authorized Gen. Wool to ascertain whether the clothing and other articles necessary to the comfort of the United States citizens, now prisoners of war, could be sent to them. The following letter shows that consent for that purpose had been given:

Headquarters Department }
Norfolk, Nov. 6th, 1861. }

To Major-General John E. Wool, Commanding the Department, Virginia: I consider myself fully authorized to reply at once to the inquiry made on the 8th, that my government will allow blankets and articles of clothing for the prisoners of war to be sent them. Any such articles you may send me will be promptly forwarded by the Southern Express Company; and money may be sent to pay the freight here, or it may be paid on delivery. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

John E. Huger, Major-General
Commanding the Department.

The Quartermaster-General of the C. S. Army will provide blankets and clothing for the prisoners of war, and forward them to Gen. Wool, in accordance with the terms of the letter from Gen. Huger.

A dispatch from Gen. Dix, in Accomac and Northampton counties, Eastern Virginia, to the government, dated the 23d inst., gives account of the capture of three officers, a captain and two lieutenants, and seven caissons, all new and in good order. All traces of disloyalty seem to have disappeared in both counties. County meetings will be held to renew the allegiance to the Federal Government. The people will first adopt the government of Western Virginia, as a temporary measure, and then look to the Legislature of that State and Maryland for annexation to the latter. The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the restoration of the light on Cape Charles. The Postmaster-General has sent a special agent to renew postal connection with both counties.

The reports of the Secretaries approach completion. The great interest which the war gives to that of the Secretary of War will be heightened by Mr. Cameron's distinct avowal of his policy of placing arms in the hands of slaves willing to use them for the cause of the Union. He will support this by argument and historical references, and so show that his leading position upon this vital question has been as deliberately as strongly taken. As a foretaste of the administration hereafter of the War Department until the close of the rebellion, Mr. Cameron will appeal to Congress and to the Governors of States to practice the closest economy, and will sternly require economy and accountability from every subordinate in the war bureaus and the army in the field. Enormous as the war is and will be, it will not be permitted to bankrupt either the Government or the people. Mr. Cameron's report will also contain recommendations that will go far to abolish the distinctions between regulars and volunteers. Among them will be the repeal of the regulation which confers rank on the regular officer over the volunteer of the same grade, leaving it to be determined by seniority according to date of commission.

Secretary Chase's report will recommend necessarily a large increase of revenue duties. The necessities of the Treasury during the war will require that the tariff be so shaped as to produce the greatest possible amount of income. A large incidental protection to American manufactures will of course be the consequence. Upon the vital idea of the war, it is said that Mr. Chase will fully develope the theory that the slaves in the rebel States should be employed under wages to raise cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco for government account. This policy has already been established by Mr. Cameron in regard to the ungathered and unginned Sea Island cotton in Beaufort.

Special Notices.

TO EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Type for Sale.—The Type upon which the RURAL NEW-YORKER is now printed—consisting mainly of 800 lbs. of Scotch-face Minion, 200 lbs. of Nonpareil, 250 lbs. of Agate, and various fonts of Head and Display Letter—will be sold at HALF-PRICE, deliverable on the 1st of January, 1862. As will be seen by the appearance of this paper, the Type is in good order, makes a fair impression, and would be about as good as new for use on a hand press.

Stereotypes of Engravings.—We have also for sale, or can furnish to order, Stereotypes of most of the Engravings of late or formerly used in the RURAL. The assortment embraces some 2,000 Illustrations of various kinds—in Agriculture, Horticulture, Floriculture, Biography, Natural History, Scenery, Topography, &c., &c. We can promptly furnish any of the War Maps, Portraits of Generals, &c., recently (or hereafter to be) given in the RURAL, at War prices—from one-third to one-fifth the original cost. Apply to or address

tf D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ SEE GEO. W. ELLIOTT's advertisement, in another column, concerning "National Hymns," &c.

To All Our Readers.

A Good Book Premium.—After examining the *Manual of Agriculture* (the new book advertised in the RURAL two weeks ago,) we concluded it to be the best work on the subject (especially for Boys and Young Men) which we could offer to those forming clubs, and have already purchased two hundred copies for distribution as premiums. We wish every Boy or Young Man who reads this paper could have, and would carefully peruse, the *Manual*; and to enable many to easily obtain it, we will send a copy, post-paid, to every person remitting $5 for a club of three subscribers, or $8 for a club of five. For $10 we will send six copies of the RURAL, with a free copy of the paper, and also the above work. "BOYS, DO YOU HEAR THAT?"

To Trial Subscribers—*The Reason.*—We have some complaints that trial subscribers (of offices where we have yearly subscribers) do not receive their papers in the regular package. The reason of this is that we do not mail trials by machine, but separately. We attempted to put them in type, but the task was so great, and the term of subscription so short, that we were constrained to desist. All trial friends who subscribe for our next volume, will have their names printed on the papers and receive them in the regular packages.

Begin Early.—Those who desire to form clubs for our next volume should *begin now*, before the field is occupied by canvassers for trashy papers of the Buokum flag-staff and love-and-murder genus. ☞ If Agent-Friends will send names as early and fast as possible, it will enable us to get a large proportion in type, and ready for mailing by machinery, previous to the commencement of the new volume.

☞ FILL THE PLACES OF AGENTS GONE TO THE WAR.—Quite a number of our Agents have gone to the War, mostly as Captains and Lieutenants in volunteer regiments. In cases where they have not appointed or requested persons to act in behalf of the RURAL during their absence, we trust some friend of the Paper will "assume the responsibility" of doing so, in order that there may be no vacancies. Friends, please fill the places of the absentees, and see that all have an opportunity to subscribe for our next volume. Many who now take the Paper, and others who like it, only need *asking*, and hence an Agent is wanted in every town. We hope many subscribers will kindly volunteer to act as Agents during the *Winter Campaign*—and the more the better. What say, Reader?

☞ THE DOCUMENTS FREE.—Specimen numbers of this volume will be sent free to all applicants. We shall take pleasure in also sending, free and post-paid, our large Show-Bill for 1861 (beautifully colored by hand,) Prospectus, &c., to any and all persons disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Reader, please send us the addresses of such of your friends, near or distant, as you think would be likely to subscribe or act as agents, and we will forward the documents accordingly.

☞ THE TRIAL QUARTER.—The rush of Trial Subscribers has been so great that our edition of some of the October numbers is exhausted, so that we can no longer furnish the complete quarter. We will, however, send the RURAL from 1st Nov. to Jan'y (9 papers) and 4 back numbers (making 13 papers in all) for 20 cents. ☞ Our aim is to have all trial subscriptions end with the year, as it would cause much extra labor and trouble to extend them into the new volume.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber or reader is requested to act in behalf of the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY.—In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

☞ ADHERE TO TERMS.—We endeavor to adhere strictly to subscription terms, and *no person is authorized to offer the* RURAL *at less than published rates.* Agents and friends are at liberty to *give away* as many copies of the RURAL as they are disposed to pay for at club rates, but we do not wish the paper offered, in any case, below price.

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another, must specify the OLD address as well as the NEW to secure compliance with their requests.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

☞ OUR INDUCEMENTS for obtaining subscribers to the Thirteenth Volume of the RURAL, for 1862, are of the most Liberal and Substantial character. Premium Lists, Show-Bills, &c., sent free to all disposed to act as agents.

◆

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER furnishes us our selections this week. It is one of the largest Agricultural papers, and, in its whole appearance, engravings, print and all, is a perfect gem. It is full of thought and information, and there is nothing in its contents to offend taste, purity or piety. It has a large circulation, and we wish it were larger. It is published every Saturday in Rochester, N. Y., by D. D. T. Moore, who is more worthy of the D. D.'s than many who have them.—*Congregational Herald.*

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER, published at Rochester, N. Y., is free from politics, sectionalism, and sectarianism—a Family Paper of the first class. We feel safe in putting this into the hands of our children, and notice that it is the first caught for in the pile of exchanges. We don't get a cent for this notice—do it of our own free will and accord—trusting it may induce some to subscribe for it instead of the New York Ledger, and other trashy publications.—*Good Templar, St. Louis, Mo.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, November 26, 1861.

FLOUR remains at last quotations.

GRAIN—Wheat, Rye, and Barley are without change in rates. Corn and Oats are moving upward.

POTATOES are advancing a little.

The Hay market has been so bountifully supplied that a slight decline, equal to 50 cents per ton, is observable.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	15@16c
Flour, winter wheat	$5.25@6.50	Honey, box	10@11c
Flour, spring do	5.00@5.25	Candles, box	10½@11c
Flour, buckwheat	2.00@2.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	1.00@1.00	**FRUIT AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1.00@1.25	Apples, bushel	38@62c
Best white Canada	1.25@1.28	Apples, dried ⅌ lb.	5@5½c
Corn, old	45@48c	Peaches, do	12@12c
Corn, new	45@48c	Cherries, do	12@12c
Rye, 60 lbs. ⅌ bush.	45@50c	Plums, do	00@10c
Oats, by weight	30@32c	Potatoes	30@40c
Barley	45@50c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	40@45c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	1.25@1.50	Calf	6@7c
MEATS.		Sheep Pelts	75c@$1.00
Pork, Mess	$13.00@14.00	Lamb Pelts	50c@$1
Pork, clear	16.00@17.00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	4.50@4.50	Clover, bushel	$5.00@5.25
Beef, cwt	4.00@5.00	Timothy	2.00@2.50
Spring lambs, each	1.25@1.75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5c	Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Shoulders	5@6c	Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	5.50@5.50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	5.50@5.50
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5.50@5.50
Ducks ⅌ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	1.38@1.42
Butter, roll	13@14c	Hay, tun	7.00@11.00
Butter, firkin	12@13c	Straw, tun	5.00@6.00
Cheese	6@7½c	Wool, ⅌ lb	35@44c
Lard, tried	8½@9c	Whitefish, half bbl	3.00@3.00
Tallow, rough	5@5c	Codfish, quintal	4.00@4.50
Tallow, tried	7@7½c	Trout, half bbl	3.00@3.25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—FLOUR—Market rules heavy and in favor of buyers, but without any material change in prices, with only a very moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at $5,25@5,45 for rejected; $5,10@5,60 for superfine State, $5,65@5,70 for extra do, $5,60@5,80 for superfine Western; $5,60@5,80 for common to medium extra do, $5,85@5,95 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $6,05@6,75 for trade brands do,—market closing heavy. Canadian flour without change, with a moderate business doing. Sales at $5,45@5,50 for superfine, and $5,65@7,50 for common to choice extra. Rye flour quiet and steady, with sales at $3,25@4,40, for inferior to choice. Corn meal steady and without any material change in prices. Sales at $3,00 for extra Western, $3,00 for Jersey, and $3,20@3,30 for Brandywine.

GRAIN—Wheat market may be quoted a shade firmer with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales Chicago spring at $1,23@1,27, Northwestern club at $1,27@1,28, the latter for choice, State spring at $1,21; Milwaukee club at $1,27@1,29, amber Iowa at $1,29½@1,30, winter red Western at $1,37@1,38, white Michigan at $1,43@1,47, choice extra do at $1,55, amber Michigan at $1,38@1,41, and white Indiana at $1,40. Rye quite, sales at 87@88c. Barley scarce and firm, with sales common State at 70c, common Canada West at 75c, and a cargo of California at 78c. Barley malt remains dull and nominal at 78c. Peas continue quiet, at 80c for Canadian. Corn market rules heavy and slightly in favor of buyers, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption, sales at 56c for badly damaged mixed Western, 64@65c for good to prime shipping do, chiefly at 64½@65c, 66c for do in store; 65c for Western yellow, and 69c for Southern yellow. Oats rule heavy, sales at 47@48c for Canada, and 48@49c for Jersey, Western and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork active and prices steady; sales at $12,50@13,00 for mess; and $8,50@9,00 for prime. Beef steady, sales at $4@4,50 for country prime, $5,00@5,50 for country mess; $11,00@12,00 for re-packed mess, and $13,00@13,50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef in moderate demand, sales at $18,50@20,00—Beef hams steady; small sales new at $15@15,25. Cut meats dull and steady, small sales at 4½@4¾c for Shoulders, and 5@5½c for Hams. Bacon continues in good demand, chiefly for future delivery. Smoked meats very quiet, but without decided change. Dressed hogs in fair demand, with sales at 5¼@5c. Lard more active and prices a little firmer; sales at 8½@9½c for No 1 to choice Western. Butter is firm and selling at 10@14 cents for Ohio, and 16@21 cents for State. Cheese continues steady at 5½@8c for good to choice.

SEEDS—Clover is less active, we notice sales at 7¼c, and 600 bags for export, 7½@8c cash, prime new is still held at 8c.

HOPS—Are firmer with a good demand for brewing. The sales are 300 bales at 15@22c.

ASHES—The receipts are light, and with a good demand, prices are supported at $5,50 for both Pot and Pearl, with moderate sales.

ALBANY, Nov. 23.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market opened for Flour, but up to the close only a moderate business was done.

Common to good State	$5,40@5,50
Fancy and extra State	5,60@5,75
Common to good Western	5,60@6,00
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	5,00@7,00
Extra Ohio	6,00@7,00
Common Canadian	5,50@5,80
Extra Canadian	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee	5,50@6,00
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,00@7,25

Buckwheat Flour is in good request, and is selling in the street at $1,72@1,75, and from store at $1,87 ⅌ 100 lbs. Corn Meal is in good request and steady at $1,25@1,37 ⅌ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—In wheat nothing transpired. Rye firm, with sales at 85c. Corn quiet and dull. A sale of Western mixed was made on Saturday evening from the store at 61c. Barley firm and active, sales two and four-rowed State, in lots, at 62½@65c; Hammondsport at 70c, Quinte at 76c, and Toronto on p. t. Oats dull and dull lower; sales State at 45c, closing dull.

BUFFALO, Nov. 25.—FLOUR—The market opened dull, but closed with a fair local and interior demand, the inquiry being mainly confined to the better grades, sales of mostly extra Indiana and Ohio at $1,87½@5,12½ for extra, and $5,37½@5,74 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat; a fair demand has prevailed to-day, but parties are apart in their views, and transactions have been restricted in consequence. Sales to-day of Milwaukee club at 94c; red winter Michigan at $1 01, and ordinary white Canada club at $1,05. Corn market steady, sales to-day at 33½c. Oats nominal at 28c. Barley, Rye, &c., dull. No sales reported, and no change to note in quotations. Other grains quiet and nominal and no change to note in quotations for any variety.

SEEDS—Market quiet and nominal at $1,75@2 for timothy.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork at $13,50, prime at $12,00. Hams, plain sugar cured, at 8@8½, do, in sacks, at 8½@9. Lard at 8. Shoulders quiet at 5½. Country beef at $5,00. Salted sides at 6c. Cheese, Hamburgh, at 6@7c.

TORONTO, Nov. 23.—FLOUR—The market for flour at this point has been a good deal depressed during the week, and closes with a material reduction in prices. As an evidence of the lack of faith in the present rates, one of our shrewdest speculators has just closed out his entire stock, the last sale being a lot of 1,500 barrels of superfine at $4,10 per barrel. Fancy may be quoted nominally at $4,70@4,75, extra $5@5,10; double extra $5,25@5,50 per barrel.

GRAIN—Fall wheat during the early part of the week was in limited supply, and the absence of buyers prices had declined, the ruling outside figures being $1,03@1,05, but within the last two or three days, however, prices have advanced, the range now being 95c@$1 for inferior to medium, and $1,06@1,10 for good to prime, the latter figure, however, is an extreme and only paid in one instance. Spring wheat has only been in limited supply, sales of desirable car loads were effected in the early part of the week at 90@92c, but since then prices are lower, the range now being 85@88c ⅌ bushel. Barley has been in small supply and in active request during the week, at 44@46c, but prices have advanced during the last two days, the range being 48@51c. Peas are in limited supply at 45@50c, and in demand. Oats have been very scarce, and during the week as high as 40c was paid, the supply by cars having increased, prices in consequence have declined to 34@36½c ⅌ bushel.

Potatoes, per bushel	40@ 50
Apples, ⅌ barrel	$1 50@2.50
Butter, Fresh ⅌ lb	15@ 17
" Tub No 1	12@ 13
" " No 2, store	9@ 9½
Cheese	7@ 8
Eggs, ⅌ dozen	18@ 20
Chickens ⅌ pair	20@ 25
Ducks	25@ 30
Turkeys, each	50@ 60
Geese, each	30@ 40
Sheepskins	60@ 80
Hides, ⅌ lb	00@ 4
Calfskins	00@ 8
Hay	12.00@17.00
Straw	8.00@10.00
Beef, —No 1st and 2nd class ⅌ 100 lbs	$4.00@4.50
" Inferior	2.50@3.50
Calves, each	3.00@4.00
Sheep	3.00@5.00
Lambs	2.00@3.00
Bacon	4.00@4.50
Hams	8@ 9
Pork ⅌ 100 lbs	3.00@4.00

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality ⅌ cwt	$8.00@8.50
Ordinary quality	7.25@8.00
Common quality	6.00@7.00
Inferior quality	5.50@6.00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$40.00@50.00
Ordinary quality	35.00@40.00
Common quality	30.00@35.00
Inferior quality	25.00@30.00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ⅌ lb	6½@6½c
Ordinary quality	4½@5½c
Common quality	4 @4½c
Inferior quality	3½@4 c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ⅌ head	$4.00@4.50
Ordinary quality	3.50@4.00
Common quality	3.00@3.50
Inferior quality	2.50@2.87
SWINE.	
First quality, ⅌ lb	3¾@4⅛c
Other qualities	3½@3¾c

ALBANY, Nov. 25.—BEEVES—The receipt of Beeves are comparatively light, but the demand is moderate, there being only a few heavy buyers from New York, while the Eastern men are not taking quite so many as usual. There is a falling off in quality as compared with last week. Prices are about the same, and taking quality into consideration, the market is to that extent more favorable for sellers.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year.
Cattle	3,056	3,392	3,632
Sheep	6,740	8,375	4,830
Hogs	468	1,030	219

PRICES—We do not change our figures.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	4½@4½c	4½@4½c
Extra	4¼@4½c	4¼@4½c
First quality	3½@3¾c	3½@3¾c
Second quality	3 @3¼c	3 @3¼c
Third quality	2½@2¾c	2½@2¾c

SALES—About 1,900 head changed hands here.

SHEEP—Receipts are somewhat less than last week, yet sufficient to supply the demand. During the week prices ranged from 3½@3¾c, extra, over 122 lbs, at $1,88.

HOGS—Receipts continue very heavy—between 15,000 and 20,000. Sales about 1,100 head, mostly good to prime corn fed, at 3¾@3¾c ⅌ lb., fat still-fed, at 3@3¼c.—*Atlas and Argus.*

BRIGHTON, Nov. 28.—At market 800 Beeves, 800 Stores, 1,200 Sheep and Lambs, and 3000 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.75, first quality, $6.50, second do, $6.00@6.00, third do, $4,75@5,25.

MILCH COWS—$41@45, common, $18@16.

WORKING OXEN—$89, $121@130.

VEAL CALVES—$3.00@4.50.

YEARLINGS—$9@10, two years old, $11@12; three years old, $14@17 each.

HIDES—5½@6c. Tallow, 6@7c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1.25@1.50, extra and selections, $2.00@$4.00.

PELTS—75c.@$1.00.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 4½@5½c; retail, 5@6½c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c, still fed, none, corn fed, none; spring pigs, none.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 19.—At market 845 Cattle, 600 Beeves, and 245 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.00@6.25, first quality, $5.75@5.75; second do, $5.00, third do, $4.00@4.00.

WORKING OXEN—$85, $100@125.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40@50.

STORES—Yearlings, $8.50@10.00; Two years old, $12@14, Three years old, $15@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,100 at market. Prices in lots at $2.00@2.62 each, extra and selections $3.00@3.25.

Spring Lambs—None.

HIDES—6½@7 ⅌ lb. Tallow, 6½@6½c.

PELTS—87c@$1.25. Calf Skins, 7@8c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$0@0.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

BOSTON, Nov. 22.—The following are the quotations of wool:

Saxony Fleece	50@53	Pulled No. 1	45@46
Full blood Merino	48@50	Do. No. 2	00@00
Three-fourths do	47@51	Texas	10@35
Half do	47@50	Smyrna, washed	23@38
Common	46@47	Do. unwashed	15@25
Western mixed	35@45	Buenos Ayres	15@40
Pulled Extra	50@55	Crimea	12@25
Do. Superfine	45@50	Canada	00@00

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The demand continues tolerably active for low and medium Clothing Wools, and the public sale at Boston on the 19th inst., has tended somewhat to sustain prices of this description, as an advance was obtained on medium Fleeces, while fine Fleeces declined from former sales.—The transactions in this market for the week have been mostly with the trade. Some parcels of Foreign have been sold to arrive, particulars of which have not transpired. 678 bales California, here and to arrive, have been sold at 32½@33c, cash and time, and 20,000 lbs Pulled 42@48c, most Super at the latter figure. We quote

American Saxony Fleece ⅌ lb	50@52
American full-blood Merino	48@50
American half and three-quarter blood Merino	46@48
Native and one-fourth Merino	43@46
Extra, Pulled	46@48
Superfine, Pulled	45@50
No 1, Pulled	30@38
Lamb's, Pulled	38@40
California, fine, unwashed	32@34
California, common do	16@18
Peruvian, washed	28@35
Valparaiso, washed	13@15
South American Merino, unwashed	21@25
Do do Mestiza, do	10@20
Do do common, washed	14@17
Do do Entre Rios, do	15@17
Do do Entre Rios, unwashed	9@12
Do do Cordova, washed	27@28
Cape Good Hope, unwashed	25@27
East India, washed	20@30
African, washed	22@35
Do unwashed	10@20
Smyrna, do	17@22
Do washed	20@30
Mexican, unwashed	12@14
Texas	15@30

Married.

In this city, on the 21st inst., by the Rev. U. M. NOTT, GEO. S. GOFF, and Miss C. E. HAIGHT, all of this city.

Died.

In this city, on the 21st instant, MARY A. DEVINE, aged 23 years.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ Its immense circulation among the Producers and Dealers of the Free States, renders the RURAL NEW-YORKER by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, &c., who must necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

FOR SALE.—A small Nursery, 30 miles from any other, in a good locality, for sale cheap. Address
620-1t P. BARBER, Homer, N. Y.

BRONZE TURKEYS.—A few pairs of Bronze Turkeys, bred from the largest stock ever imported, for sale by WM. ELDREDGE,
620-3t North White Creek, Wash. Co., N. Y.

ASTOUNDING!—$100 per Month salary, and all expenses paid. A New Article. Every Family and every Soldier must have it. Retail price, $1. For conditions of Agency address A. C. DALLOU & SON, Haverhill, Mass. Samples furnished by mail to applicants for Agencies, for 27 cents.

METROPOLITAN GIFT BOOKSTORE,
NO. 26 BUFFALO ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The largest and most liberally conducted establishment of the kind in the United States. All Books sold at the Publisher's Prices, and a Gift given with each purchase, varying in value from 40 cents to $100. Descriptive Catalogues mailed free to any address upon application. Liberal inducements offered to Agents getting up clubs. 620-1t

FOWLER'S PATENT STEAM PLOWING MACHINERY—Patent Rights for States and Counties, and Machines, are now for sale. Descriptive Pamphlets sent, post free. Apply to R. W. EODISON, 308 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. 619-10t

GILMAN'S SHOE STORE,
No. 8 STATE STREET,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

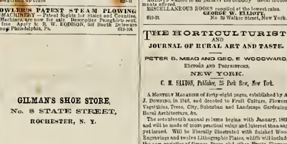
WANTED.—A gentleman living within a few miles of Madison, the capital city of Wisconsin, in Dane County, wants a man and his wife to take the full charge of a Grain and Stock Farm, including a dairy of fifty to a hundred cows. The farm comprises 700 acres. A couple without, or with only a small family, is desired, and the man will have to carry on the farm, and the woman the dairy. None need apply unless thoroughly competent and having good references, and to such a couple liberal wages will be paid.

☞ A young man who is a competent gardener and capable of carrying on a nursery is also wanted.

Application must be made by letter or otherwise to the *Patriot* Office, Madison, Wisconsin. If by letter, address H. O.
Madison, Wis., Nov 14, 1861. 619-4t

FARM FOR SALE.—An excellent grain farm of 147 acres, in Ledyard, Cayuga Co., N. Y., the residence of the late A. M. UNDERHILL, is offered for sale. The situation healthy, pleasant, and commands a view of Cayuga Lake, it is easy of access to market, schools, and places of worship; is in a high state of cultivation, and produces abundant crops. It has a convenient dwelling, two tenant houses, two barns, and other out buildings, four wells, and a never-failing spring of good water, excellent fruit trees in bearing, and ten acres of wood land. Price, $55 per acre. Address
617-4teow E. WILLITS, Union Springs, Cay. Co., N. Y.

HALLOCK'S PREMIUM



DRAG CROSS-CUT AND CIRCULAR SAW-MILL COMBINED.

THIS Machine is of the best of its kind extant. It has received the First Premium at the Fairs of the N. Y. State Ag. Society for four successive years, and also the highest prize at other State and County Fairs. It has been recently perfected; is made strong and durable, and is not liable to get out of order. It is easily driven by any ordinary horse-powers used in threshing. Both saws may be used at one time, or separately, as desired. It is useful in sawing barrel heading, stave and shingle bolts, slitting fence stuff, and adapted to a variety of other purposes for which such saws are employed.

The combined machine has one circular saw for cutting cord wood, limbs, poles, &c., and one cross-cut or drag saw, for sawing logs into stove wood or other lengths. The single machine has only one cross-cut or drag saw, the double machine has two drag saws, which are made to order to cut any desired length. The prices of the improved machines are as follows:

Combined Machine, with one Circular and one Drag Saw $85.00
Single Cross-Cut, with one Drag Saw $40.00

TESTIMONIALS.

Below we give samples of many testimonials received from practical men who have used this machine and know whereof they affirm.

We have been using during the summer one of Hallock's Sawing Machines, for sawing railroad wood. It is constructed with two Cross-cut Saws. Our power is a portable engine of five-horse. With this power we have driven both Saws through three feet logs with the greatest ease, and have cut from 20 to 30 cords of wood per day. After using the Machine steadily for several months, we have no hesitation in saying, that it is the cheapest and best arrangement for sawing either long or short wood that we have yet seen.
Darien, N. Y. T. C. PETERS

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THE COUNTERSIGN.

BY FRANK S. WILLIAMS

[The following beautiful lines were written by a private in Company C., of Stuart's Engineer regiment, now at Camp Lesley, near Washington. In explanation of one of the verses of the poem, it is right to state that white rags are frequently scattered along the sentinel's post on a dark night to mark his beat.]

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whip-poor-will;
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound—
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form, with bending back;
I think I see him crouching low—
I stop and list—I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers, far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerrillas into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

"Halt! Who goes there?" my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
"Advance and give the countersign."
With bayonet at the charge I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms aport I charge my mate,
Then onward pass and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the countersign.

Rochester Democrat.

The Story-Teller.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

BY EMMA GARRISON.

SIMEON BROWN stood in the doorway of his father's kitchen in the early dawn of a fair May morning, his face shorn of its wonted joyousness, like an autumnal forest when the leaves have gone down behind the bleak, gray hills. "I've got to go, mother," he said at last, addressing a middle-aged woman, who stood folding a small parcel before the cleanly scoured dresser, "and I may as well go at once—come, do say good bye."

"Yes, you've got to go, an' it'll break your old mother's heart, SIMEON, an' bring down her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave," she answered, in a petulent, grieving tone, as she put down the parcel and came and stood beside him.

"No, mother, no—don't talk so," he said soothingly, "you know I'm obliged to go—it'll be the best for all—we can't get on if we stay here."

"Yes we can, SIMEON—yes we can, but you have got above your old home, an' your old mother, an' now—"

"'LISBETH!"

The voice of her husband silenced her querulous complaining, but she put her apron to her eyes and rocked herself to and fro in the abandonment of her utter despair.

"I shan't be gone long," continued SIMEON, his voice trembling in spite of all his efforts to steady it, "not more than two years at the farthest, and then we'll all go and have a nice little house together, and you shall call your last days your best ones."

Her face brightened up a little, but she asked, half in hope, half in fear—"But if you fail, SIMEON—if you fail, what then?"

A sudden shadow dashed out the sunlight from his brave young face, but it returned again in an instant, and his broad chest expanded, and the muscular cords in his bronzed wrists worked visibly as he replied—"I shall not fail, mother!"

His strong faith somewhat reassured her, and she looked up almost cheerfully. "Well, maybe you won't, SIMEON—I hope so at any rate—you always was a good boy, and I trust the LORD 'll help you."

"I trust so, mother; the sun's 'most up. I must be off—take care of yourself while I'm gone—good bye!"

"Good bye, SIMEON; good bye, my good boy—that never gave his old mother a cross word or caused her a moment's trouble in his life—God bless you!"

He held her in his arms for a moment, and turned to his father.

"Good bye, father—do the best you can until I return."

"Good bye, my son; God's blessing go with you!"

"Here, SIMEON, stop a moment," called his mother, as he turned towards the door, "I'd most forgot 'em, and I made 'em on purpose for you—some of the seed cakes you always liked so well—think of your old mother when you eat 'em."

SIMEON dropped the little package in his pocket, drew his hat over his eyes, and stepped out.

FAITH HUNTER, his foster-sister, was awaiting him in the yard. "I'm going down a little piece with you, SIMEON," she said, "and so you needn't bid me good bye."

He drew her hand through his arm, and they walked on side by side down the winding pathway, the dewy pastures and browsing kine around them, and overhead the crystal heavens emblazoned with the saffron dawn tints of the opening day, she waiting for him to speak first, and he irresolute as to what he should say. There was in his heart a great tide of feeling, which had been steadily deepening and gaining strength ever since a winter night, sixteen years before, when his mother came home from the death-bed of a friendless widow, bringing home a little helpless babe, and told him that she was to be, from henceforth and forever, his sister. And she had been even more than a sister, perhaps, if such a thing be possible. Side by side they trod the flowery paths of childhood, sharing every pleasure and pain, and joy and sorrow, almost the same existence; hand in hand they entered upon an untried road of youthful anticipation; but now they were about to separate, and all the mighty love which had grown up in the youth's heart, and strengthened with his strength, was struggling fiercely for escape, but he resolutely kept it back. No matter if that timid little girl at his side was dearer than all the rest of the world to him—than his own life even—he must not speak it to her then. She was nothing but a child, and he had no home, no inducement—nothing but his strong hands and brave young heart to offer her. Yet how could he leave her, how could he go away, without some slight assurance that he could not be quite forgotten. His love was great and strong, and entwined itself about its object with an unyielding clasp that could not be torn away without almost uprooting life itself; he knew and felt, and trembled at the bare possibility of being forgotten.

"FAITH," he said at last, making an effort to steady his voice, "do you know that I am sorrier to leave you than any one else, not even mother excepted."

"Are you, SIMEON?" she asked innocently, uplifting her trustful eyes to his face.

"Yes, I am, FAITH, and I want to know if you'll quite forget me when I'm gone away?"

"Why, how could I, SIMEON, when you've been so good and kind to me?—no, indeed, I never shall forget you!"

"And will you be glad to see me when I come back, FAITH?"

"Why, to be sure, SIMEON—what makes you ask?"

"Because I want to know—you're sure you'll be glad?"

"Very sure, SIMEON."

"Very well, I shall be back in a year or so, and shall expect you to keep your promise."

"I shall keep it—and you've given me so many little things, that I want to give you something, and I've nothing but this—it's my little Bible—I want you to take it, SIMEON, and think of me when you read it."

"Good bye, FAITH; take care of yourself, and of mother."

His strong hand trembled as he unfolded the little package. It was a pretty, delicate thing, daintily bound in morocco, with a silver clasp, inscribed with the simple word, "Faith." His eyes filled with tears as he looked at it.

"I don't know how to thank you for this, FAITH; why, it almost seems like carrying you with me, since it's got your name on it. I'll read it every day, and always keep it here, FAITH," he said, dropping it into his breast pocket, and buttoning up his coat, as if he wanted it close to his heart.

By this time they had reached the gate—the old red gate upon which they had swung together a thousand times in their happy childhood.

"I must go back, now, SIMEON," said FAITH, struggling hard to keep back her tears, "aunt 'LISBETH will want me to help about the milking."

He tore his hand from her lingering clasp, threw his knapsack across his shoulders, the old red gate closed with a ringing clang, and FAITH turned tearfully homeward.

* * * * * *

A chill November wind tossed and whirled the dry elm leaves on the common in front of REUBEN BROWN's cottage, and blew the thin gray locks about his forehead, as he stood in the yard, harnessing up the old-fashioned, bonnet topped buggy.

"Hadn't you better have your yarn mittins, REUBEN?" called his wife from the doorway, "the air's bitin' cold, an' we'll have snow before night; I can tell by the way the wind blows."

"Maybe I had, wife," he replied, gathering up the reins and mounting the creaking seat.

"Run, FAITH, and get REUBEN's yarn mittins, they're under the lounge in the back room—hurry, child!"

FAITH ran out, her pretty curls blown about her face, and climbing on the wheel, held the reins until the old man drew the mittens on.

"Hurry back, REUBEN," called 'LISBETH, "I don't want my Thanksgiving dinner to spile with waitin'."

"Aye, aye, wife!"

Old Dobbin pricked up his ears, and started forward; the old-fashioned buggy went creaking down the lane, and was soon lost to sight by the swaying elm boughs.

"Now, FAITH," said 'LISBETH, tucking up her sleeves, and tying on her ample linen apron, "if ever we was spry in our lives, let's be this morning. They'll be home at two o'clock, and it's most ten now; an' there's the beef to roast, an' the turkey, an' the mince pie to bake—an' goodness me, I wonder if the bread's riz; yes, indeed, just as light as a feather. It's just the nicest thing in the world for SIMEON to get home on Thanksgivin' day, ain't it FAITH?"

FAITH said "Yes, ma'm," very quietly; and the happy woman went on.

"Poor SIMMIE, it's been many a day since his old mother cooked a dinner for him—an' he always liked my cookin'. 'Mother,' he used to say, 'I never saw any one cook things as nice as you do.' How lucky it was, FAITH, that you made that raisin cake yesterday. He always liked it. I remember when he was 'most a baby. I can see him now, with his curls all a dancin' around his rosy face. He used to catch hold o' my dress, an' say, 'Mother, won't you have raisin cake Thanksgivin' day.' Bless his dear heart!—the best boy that ever lived! Never give his mother a cross word, or caused her a moment's trouble in his life! I know he'll enjoy his dinner. Chop up them apples, FAITH, an' we'll have the pies on in no time."

FAITH did as she was bidden, tripping round with a deft and quiet handiness that made her sweet face all the more attractive; and by 12 o'clock the huge turkey and great round of beef were nicely browning, and the mince pies and the mammoth loaf of bread were fairly done.

"Gettin' on finely, FAITH," said 'LISBETH, stirring and seasoning a bowl of gravy. "We shall have dinner in good time. You may set the table, and then go and dress yourself. What'll you wear? Your new merino frock, won't you?"

"I don't know, ma'm," said FAITH, blushing and averting her face.

"I would if I was you. It's the prettiest dress you've got, an' SIMEON always liked to see us dressed well. I shall put on my brown muslin that REUBEN bought when he went down to sell his wheat last fall, and that dove-silk shawl the deacon's wife gave me, an' my new cap that Miss STEBBINS made. An' you wear your blue merino, FAITH, and the gold chain that SIMEON gave you; I know it'll please him."

FAITH did not reply, but a happy light lay in her soft blue eye as she tripped out to set the table.

Two o'clock found everything ready—the old walnut table covered with the finest linen, and the brightest and prettiest of everything that the cottage afforded spread out in the center of the best room; the round of smoking beef at one end, the huge turkey at the other, and the mammoth loaf, rising, mountain-like, amid a profusion of berry-brown pies and cakes, while the side-board groaned beneath heaps of yellow apples and stone pitchers of sparkling cider. In the door-way, nicely robed in her brown muslin and dove-silk shawl, her dark hair (just beginning to be streaked with silver,) put smoothly back beneath her best lace cap, stood 'LISBETH, her face all aglow with anxious expectation. FAITH flitted hither and thither, shaking out the folds of a curtain, or re-arranging a branch of evergreen, looking quite pretty in her new merino, the neck and sleeves edged with a fringe of misty lace, and her auburn curls streaming over her shoulders like waves of sunshine. It might have been a consciousness of her own fresh loveliness that brought the rose-flush to her cheeks, and made her pause once in a while before the little oval mirror, to assure herself that SIMEON's gold chain was all right, with the clasp just in front. It might have been something else. Be that as it may, FAITH was not to blame, for that which we often term maiden vanity deserves a far holier name. Two o'clock passed, and at last the old corner clock struck three; still they had not come.

* * * * * *

"What could detain 'em so long?" said 'LISBETH, giving the fire a vigorous stir, and moving REUBEN's coat and slippers a little nearer. "The dinner'll all be spiled, and they'll have an awful ride. The snow's beginnin' to fall now, an' it'll be a dreadful storm, I know by the sound of the wind; it roared just that way, kind o' mournful like, before the great snowstorm, when the hen-roof fell in and smashed all my poor chickens. Dear me! how fast it falls. I do wish I'd a thought to send SIMEON that yarn tippet; he always was subject to sore throats, and this will be sure to give him one. Where's his slippers, FAITH—the new ones you worked for him? Why don't you put 'em down to warm? He'll want 'em when he gets here."

FAITH brought out the slippers—pretty black velvet ones, flowered with golden braid—and put them beneath the chair in SIMEON's favorite corner.

"Now put down some apples to roast, heat 'em a mug of cider, and see that the gravy's warm. Surely they'll be here soon."

FAITH did this also, and then brought out her little work basket, and sat down before the glowing hickory-fire, making a great effort to appear calm. But it was all in vain—her fingers would tremble and flutter, and her cottons tangled in a most amazing manner.

Four o'clock came, the snow descended in thick, heavy showers, and a cold easterly wind whistled round the corners, leaving the frozen ground bare in some places and in others, piling up the white drifts in great freezing masses. The chickens sought their nightly roost, the cattle flocked to the barn-yard, and the pony came up to the bars and whinnied for admittance—still they did not come. The Thanksgiving dinner grew cold upon the table, and 'LISBETH stood in the doorway until the white flakes lay thickly on her garments.

"Somethin's the matter, FAITH," she said uneasily—"I know there is; they wouldn't stay this long if there wasn't."

"The boat may have been delayed," suggested FAITH.

"Yes, or the buggy broke down. REUBEN said one of the linch-pins was loose. Dear me! it's too bad!—the Thanksgivin' dinner'll be spiled after all our fixin'!"

* * * * * *

Another half hour went by. The wind rose to a shrill, wild blast, and the snow came down in smothering torrents. The chill, gray gloom of twilight began to settle down, when dimly visible to the eyes of the weary watchers appeared the sombre, bonnet-shaped top of the old fashioned buggy.

"Here they come, FAITH! here they come!" cried 'LISBETH, springing down the steps. "Stir the fire, and let's run down to meet 'em. Poor SIMEON, I know he is nearly froze!"

FAITH sprang up, and in her excited haste overturned her work basket, sending its contents in promiscuous flight over the smoothly waxed floor, burned her fingers with the poker, came well-nigh scorching her new merino dress, and at last, flushed and tremulous, ran out to join 'LISBETH. The old buggy came on with a slow, uncertain motion, and after several tedious moments, paused at the little gate. 'LISBETH pressed forward, closely followed by FAITH; but no other face looked out to welcome them.

"Where's SIMEON—where's my boy?" cried the fond mother. "O, FAITH, he has not come! REUBEN, where's SIMEON?"

But REUBEN did not answer, or even make the slightest movement. With his face white and stony, his hands dangling helplessly beside him, he sat in the remotest corner, staring out upon them with a vacant, unmeaning stare.

"REUBEN, what's the matter?" almost screamed the frantic woman. "Are you sick—dead—frozen? Oh, for heaven's sake, speak to me!"

Slowly and almost mechanically he arose from his seat, and clambered out with feeble, tottering steps.

"REUBEN, REUBEN—speak to me!" continued 'LISBETH, grasping his arm fiercely. "Where's SIMEON—why hasn't he come home?"

"He's gone!—he'll never come home any more! never, never!" said the old man incoherently, groping with his hands in the pockets of his coat.

"Gone, SIMEON, gone?—my boy never come home any more? What do you mean, REUBEN?"

"Here it is," he continued, in the same wandering tone; "here it all is! He'll never come home any more!"

FAITH grasped the paper from his shivering hand, and, following his pointing finger, read in the deepening twilight:

"*By Telegraph from S——.* The steamer Ocean Queen, that left this wharf at 6 o'clock this morning, took fire on the passage. Although prompt and vigorous efforts were made to rescue the passengers, owing to the suddenness of the catastrophe only two were saved."

"SIMEON was one of them—he was one of the two," she said, her face blanching and her lips growing rigid.

"No, no—I've seen 'em—seen 'em both. He'll never come home any more!"

"What is it?" cried 'LISBETH, still unconscious of the dreadful truth, her voice dropping down to a tone of piteous entreaty; "where's SIMEON—where's my boy? Tell me he's not dead, and I can bear anything else."

REUBEN did not answer, but the tears rolled over his wrinkled face, and it was enough.

* * * * * *

The storm swelled higher and higher, and towards midnight raged around the little New England cottage with appalling fury. The hickory fire had burned down to a few flickering embers, which threw a fitful glow over the Thanksgiving table and over the bowed heads of three disconsolate mourners as they sat there in their terrible desolation. This was their Thanksgiving day, begun in hope and joyous anticipation, but ended in very blackness and utter despair.

"Oh, I can't stand it," sobbed 'LISBETH; "I can't, I can't. It's cruel—wicked—wrong. He was all I had—my only child—my darlin', precious boy, that never gave his old mother a cross word, or caused her a moment's trouble in his life; my baby, that used to sleep in my bosom, and lay his head against my cheek; an' now he's in the river—in the cold, black water. We're here, living, thinking, breathing, by the warm fire. Oh, I can't stand it—I can't! I wish I could die and end my misery."

REUBEN was too deeply affected by this sudden outgush of a mother's grief to speak a single word of comfort, and his own heart was too deeply wounded. For a few moments the three sat side by side in sorrowful silence; then the old man rose up, and taking down the family Bible, opened it and read:—"Come unto me all ye that are heavily laden, and I will give you rest."

Precious, life-giving words. We read them night and morning, and hear them Sabbath after Sabbath from the sacred desk, yet neither know their meaning nor their true consolation, until some great calamity sweeps away every earthly prop and stay, and we have nothing else to lean upon. All this was felt in that little New England cottage, and the old man's voice rose up like a sighing breeze in the din of the winter's tempest; and on the great surging deep of the heart fell a sad but peaceful calm. Still the storm raged on; the wind rose and fell, and whistled round the gables, driving the snow before them in great freezing drifts. It would soon be morning; rose and gold and purple would dapple the eastern horizon, and disperse the storm and darkness; but over the night of their desolation no morning would ever break.

Was that a step in the snow or only the voice of the tempest? A step, surely, for it comes, crunching the freezing drifts, and pauses on the step with a quick, determined sound. And now there is a rap, short, sudden and eager. REUBEN rises. It is some of the neighbors with tidings of the lost steamer—news that the body of his boy has been found, perhaps. He opens the door; the wind sweeps in, bringing with it a cutting shower of sleet and also a happy, hopeful face.

"How are you, father?"

The resonant voice rings through the silent dome like a peal of sudden joy. The old father hears it, and falls in his son's embrace; the poor mother hears it, and rushes forward, half frantic with delight; FAITH hears it in the solitude of her little chamber, and hastens out, her sweet face alternating between smiles and tears.

"O, SIMEON!—O, my boy!—they told me you was dead, drowned, lost in the river; they wanted to break your old mother's heart, but you wouldn't let 'em; you've come back, SIMEON, never to leave me again—"

"Never to leave you again, mother—GOD willing." He held her to his bosom for a moment, and then went round to where FAITH stood.

"Now, father and mother," he said, his voice vibrating with emotion as he took the young girl's hand, "let me tell you of my deliverance—for deliverance it was—from the very jaws of death. It was GOD's providence first, and next to that FAITH's little Bible; she gave it to me the morning we parted, and I always kept it about me, and it proved a precious talisman. I went on board the Ocean Queen this morning, with the rest of the poor passengers, but just as she was leaving the wharf, I found that I had left my overcoat hanging on the railing of the bridge. I didn't care for the coat, but FAITH's little Bible was in the pocket, and I could not part with that, so I jumped ashore just as the boat pushed off. And now, father," he continued, turning to the old man, who sat in his leathern arm chair, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, "I will say, with your permission, that which my heart has long felt. I have succeeded in my efforts even beyond my most ardent expectations. In the far West a comfortable home awaits us, surrounded by fertile acres sufficient to yield us all we need. I love you, FAITH; I have always loved you, ever since that night when mother brought you home to be my little sister. Be more than sister now—be my wife, FAITH."

The auburn head went down upon his shoulder like a flash of sunlight. 'LISBETH stood in silence, unable to comprehend the scene; but after awhile the happy truth burst upon her, and she clasped her arms about them with a joyful cry: "My own precious children; and we shall all live together, and never part again—shan't we, SIMEON?"

"Never part again, mother, until death parts us," said the young man, solemnly.

"Get his new slippers, FAITH," cried the happy mother, laughing and crying by turns; "they'll be all the more acceptable now. Think a heap of 'em, SIMEON—she most worked her eyes out over 'em."

SIMEON put on the velvet slippers, and sat down in the old place.

"Now, FAITH, run for the gravy, while I stir up the fire; we'll have our Thanksgiving dinner after all."

"Thanksgiving breakfast, I should say, mother," laughed SIMEON.

"Well, it'll do just as well—we've seen a great many in our day, but this'll be the happiest one of all, won't it, REUBEN?"

"The happiest one of all, 'LISBETH," said the old man, smiling through his tears, "for GOD, in His mercy, has changed our sorrow into the song of rejoicing. Blessed be His name forever!"

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 30 letters.

My 12, 26, 18, 21, 3 is a wild animal, native of Asia.
My 30, 27, 16, 2 is a place of fond endearments.
My 11, 19, 28, 14, 30 is what we should admire.
My 10, 24, 29 is a poor specimen of humanity.
My 1, 9, 7, 14 is a detriment to fine cloths.
My 15, 20, 4, 1 is a title of nobility.
My 25, 6, 8 is a tropical fruit.
My 17, 4, 9, 22, 16 is a general in the rebel army.
My 11, 23, 5, 29, 10 are much need at the present time.
My whole is a truthful saying.

Perrysburg, Ohio, 1861. W. A.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My first denotes a brilliant place,
Where belles and jewels shine;
My next transports the merchant's stores,
Or produce of the mine.
Sweet pleasures in my whole abound
Apart from worldly strife,
By nymphs and swains I'm always found
The happiest part of life.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SURVEYING QUESTION.

THE base of a triangle is three hundred and twenty-one rods, the perpendicular two hundred and sixteen rods. Determine the side of the inscribed square.

Gouverneur, St. Law. Co., N. Y. EDWIN A. DODDS.

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ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 618.

FARMER HARDING's answer to Mathematical Problem:

The weight of the stick in the center must be,
For there, on a lever, 'twould balance, you see;
The man at the end, to make matters just,
Must be four times as far from the weight as the rest.
His position being fixed at twenty five feet,
One fourth of that distance makes the answer complete;
Or, to make the answer more certain and plain,
And that without puzzling or fretting the brain,
The lever from the center six feet three inches rest,
And every man will do his part, if he only does his best.
Please call at my house whene'er you have leisure,
I'll try the experiment with you with pleasure.

Bethany, Genesee Co., N. Y., 1861.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Jefferson Davis.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—3907-10 guineas.

Answer to Anagrams:

1. Misanthrope,
2. Presbyterian,
3. Encyclopedia,
4. Gallantries,
5. Old England,
6. Beauregard.
7. "Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

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